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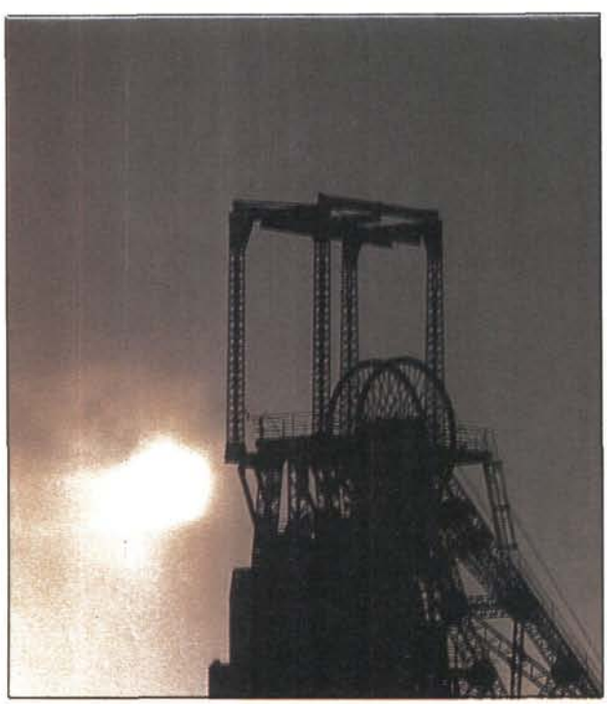
Museum Economy



The pits are closing down in South Wales. Peter Walker points to new investment and predicts prosperity in the valleys. But can a post-coal economy mean more than garden festivals, mining museums and heritage parks?

The Tory Minister's wife: a short story by Hanif Kureishi

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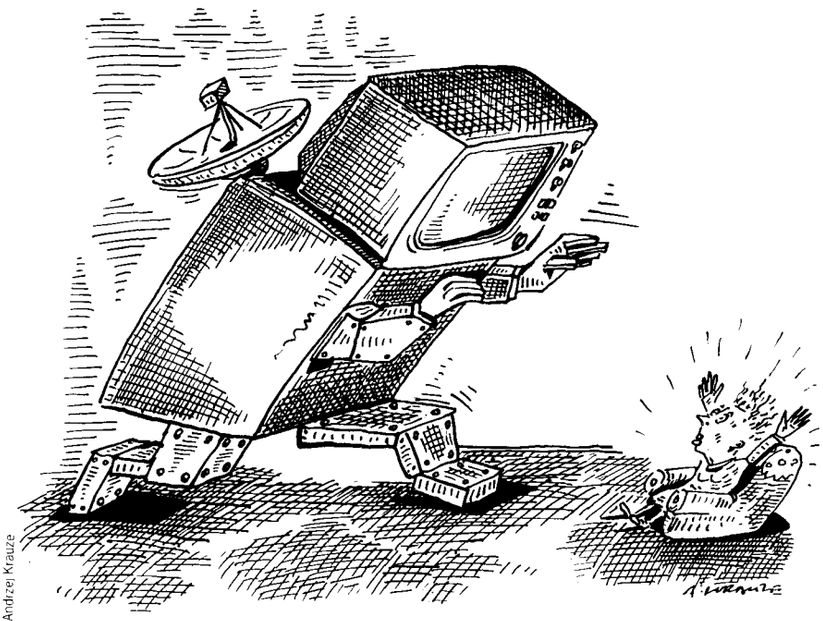
Rupert bare

Rupert Murdoch portrays himself as a television democrat. But what is his real message for the medium?



Andrzej Krauze

As Rupert Murdoch answered questions in the aftermath of his MacTaggart Lecture at the Edinburgh International Television Festival last week, he confided his plans not just for this world but for the next: "I will meet my Maker with a clear conscience about my newspapers," he said. His audience might well have thought that when this event occurs, it is the Maker who is likely to be the apprehensive party.

Certainly the television makers themselves had good reason to tremble before Murdoch's jeremiad against British television. Since the commercial triumph of Wapping, the chairman of News International has acquired a reputation of daemonic infallibility which has so far been untarnished even by the losses he has sustained through his satellite channel. The custodians of the British television companies clearly considered themselves to have a front seat for the latest act of the Thatcher revolution. And they responded with the cheerfulness of turkeys at a Christmas carol service.

In his lecture, Murdoch portrayed himself not as a money-maker but an apostle of freedom on a global scale. His argument was nothing if not coherent. The freeing of broadcasting in Britain wasn't a licence to print money, but part of a "democratic revolution" that is sweeping across the world. Those who resist are part of the British disease. The defence of the quality of our television "is no more than the reflection of the values of the narrow elite which controls it and which has always thought its tastes are synonymous with quality". Breaking up the duopoly would produce better quality, more diversity, less political pressure.

The nettled response by broadcasters and journalists to the speech rather missed the point. Rupert Murdoch's genius has not been as a prime mover or innovator, but as an astute surfer on the waves of change. His one true innovation, which admittedly proved to be the cornerstone of his vast media empire, was the *Sun*. No one had ever thought of providing this mixture of sex, humour and rabid right-wing politics for a working-class readership and probably no one has ever made so much money from a single newspaper.

Murdoch now talks of the Wapping revolution as if he had personally invented the photocomposition that virtually eliminated the printers from newspaper production. In fact, he held off from using the new process as long as possible. But when the change was inevitable, made better and more ruthless use of the potential labour savings than any other proprietor.

Many of the protests against Murdoch's plans for satellite television obscure the fact that all the threats to the hegemony of the BBC and ITV would be occurring anyway. The debate over whether the concept of public service broadcasting is one of Britain's great contributions to 20th century culture or, as Murdoch would see it, an elitist fraud designed to cheat the majority of people out of what they want to see, is an irrelevance. For reasons of technological and commercial development, British broadcasting will change out of all recognition during the 1990s. It's an inevitable process, not one that Murdoch has initiated and that is why he has been willing to lose upwards of £150 million in the hope of being in the right place when the changes occur.

The question for the British public is not whether the change is desirable, but the apparently smaller questions of how it will occur and who will be left in control. Rupert Murdoch's vision is best judged not by his words or even by his satellite channel, but by his newspapers. He talked in Edinburgh of a "diversity of owners as a bulwark of freedom not susceptible to the sort of state control that has dogged British television in the past".

Those who contemplate the British press in the aftermath of its technological revolution may not be reassured. The concentration of ownership is little better, the domination of a right-wing political viewpoint much the same. When alternative political viewpoints have been broached—Thames Television questioning the government line on Gibraltar, the *Mirror* calling for British troops to be pulled out of Ulster—the Murdoch press has responded with vindictive campaigns against them. One of the implicit messages of Murdoch's speech, the carrot dangled before Mrs Thatcher, was the possibility of marginalising dissent.

Satellite television stations are much more expensive to launch and run than newspapers; the risks of monopoly even greater. The priority for those concerned with the future of broadcasting (which means everyone) is, before it is too late, to conceive of a media structure that could encourage real diversity. The result could be genuinely revolutionary and an unwelcome surprise for Rupert Murdoch.

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Unions for tomorrow

A man's body lies broken at the foot of the scaffolding; a woman gives up her job, finally defeated by the tenosynovitis that has wrecked her arm. There will be no publicity or alarm; it's just part of the wear and tear of everyday working life. When the TUC meets next week it will debate, as it does every year, the matter of health and safety. But this year there will be a difference. The TUC is presenting a "Green Charter" and will pass a long, composite resolution on the environment. The entry of trade unions into the debate changes the nature of environmental politics, and provides the necessary context for any discussion on the unacceptable price the workforce pays to bring us the products and buildings we demand.

This year, 12 unions have submitted motions or amendments on the environment, of which three are comprehensive. This is more than unions going with the tide. They feel—rightly, this time—that they have a special knowledge and interest to add to the debate. And they know that they have to speak loudly when for so long it has been thought that they have only one voice: don't threaten our jobs.

If we put this development beside their invitation to Commissioner Jacques Delors to address the TUC last year, we see the stirrings of a tomorrow's trade unionism. It has passed the point of merely defending its role against a hostile government and decided to take the lead in broaching those issues which will shape tomorrow's working life. The series of reports from the Centre for Labour Economics, published this week, will help the unions escape their defensive stance. Their evidence is that productivity growth has been highest in unionised firms—though the factors involved in this, including size of firm, previous restrictive practices and unemployment, give unions less comfort. If unions neither prevent redundancies nor in themselves promote productivity, what is their point? More important in the long term is research on sharp regional and local differences in the labour market. The biggest single problem facing many unions, such as Post Office workers, is the disparity between a relatively low-paid, high-turnover staff in the South East which hogs most of the trade, and the relatively higher paid rest of the country. A forward-looking union strategy for dealing with this characteristic of today's labour market is urgently needed.

The second trend we can see is the the idea, pioneered by the general union, the GMB, that unions must become the country's "rights at work" organisation, as willing to provide a skilled lawyer as a sympathetic strike; to campaign on childcare (for which this TUC has a new policy) as much as on saving jobs. An image of the unions' peculiar ability to present collective needs is still essential. But a shift from jobs at any price is more in tune with the actual needs and values of much of today's workforce.

The third trend is still struggling to get out. It is apparent in more proposals from the TUC General Council to increase representation for women and large unions. If the GC cannot deliver industrial unionism, it can diminish the voice of the small craft unions which inevitably lack the flexibility of a union of many trades.

And finally, the TUC now knows it cannot operate as an "alternative government", passing the resolutions that a Labour government ought to implement. As TUC officials point out, it was not so much that they pressed themselves on government in the 1960s and 1970s as that neither Tory nor Labour could imagine how to govern without them. For all the distress unions felt at being cast out by Mrs Thatcher, this separation is something for which they should give profound thanks. It is only as an independent voice that it can carry out its responsibility to the workers to protect their health, safety and dignity.

Holding the baby

It was not institutional child abuse for a local authority to remove a 17-month-old mixed race child from a white family, and place him with a black family. Nor are black children who love their white foster parents Uncle Toms in the making. The authority took a difficult decision in difficult circumstances. The child was placed with the foster mother on a temporary basis. The mother was turned down as a suitable adopter for a child of this age. The child would then have been adopted within a year claims the council, had it not been for the foster mother's decision to exercise her right to become a party to wardship proceedings.

Because of the confidentiality of the case we will never know all the details of the affair, but the local authority concerned believes it has followed the Department of Health's guidelines. It aims to place children with the same race and ethnic group, but will consider other families if the child is facing an unacceptable delay. The authority points out that it has placed two black children with white families, because in these individual cases the white families were more suitable than black. There is no blanket policy dogmatically fettering its options.

That it has appeared otherwise is entirely the fault of newspapers which have been seduced by the spicy combination of race, social workers, and babies, and who have translated real dilemmas into sentimental melodrama—viz "Baby in Race Heartbreak". Health minister David Mellor has mixed platitudes ("the interests of the child must come first") with unnecessary extravagance, spending £150,000 to settle whether "same race" placements are crucial.

But there is already a consensus that the existing guidelines are broadly correct. It is a consensus with which even the foster mother involved agrees. The debate is really over a tragic individual case. It has become a major race debate because it is an unpalatable truth that we are a racist society and that black children will, in general, be better prepared for it in black families.

The alms trade

Pity poor John Patten, doomed to a dim career in the Home Office twilight zone as his clean, green namesake Chris hogs the limelight. In this week's attention-grabbing stunt, Patten junior demands that 25 to 44-year-old achievers (no Y-word here) should plough back some of their new wealth into voluntary work and donations to charity.

His premise, embarrassing to the government, is that as individuals grow richer, they get stingier. In private life the "trickle-down" effect fails to drip. Households with an unskilled manual bread-winner, according to the latest data, donate on average 1.76 per cent of their income to charity, compared to 0.65 per cent in administrative and managerial homes. In terms of region too, those who need most, give most. Northern Irish households, generous or just priest- and pastor-ridden, give away 2.19 per cent of earnings. The south outside London manages just 0.71 per cent.

High levels of church membership swell the Ulster figures. The message is plain. People give most lavishly when most enmeshed in the networks of civil society: churches, interest groups, local charities and campaigns. Yet the bodies that stand between citizen and state have suffered ten years of sniping from ministers who can only understand a collectivity when it has a plc attached. If Patten wants to stir the compassion of the *nouveau riches*, he should realise that individuals do not donate into a vacuum. They do so to express a sense of belonging in that mythical entity, society.

No one else seems to have pointed out that this year the Tory party conference ends on Mrs Thatcher's birthday (she'll be 64). Nothing particularly special about that except the date: Friday the 13th.

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LETTERS

Age Concern

"Mixed blessings" (Society, 4 August), presents a misleading picture of Age Concern, which I would like to correct.

Age Concern is a network of some 1,400 autonomous groups operating at national, county and local levels. These groups are responsible for setting their own priorities, raising their own funds, and conducting their own negotiations with statutory authorities. Local services or projects most certainly are not "managed from a regional office with no local control": each group manages its own affairs.

The strength of Age Concern lies in the range and depth of its work with older people, both as service-provider and advocate. It offers the flexibility and innovation inherent in local voluntary action combined with the capacity to draw on a solid body of knowledge and experience. Individual groups vary in size and strength and all face the dilemmas which the post-Griffiths world poses for local voluntary organisations. They are not "big battalions" and it is important, for them, that this impression is corrected.

Paula Jones
Director
Age Concern Greater London
54 Knatchbull Road
London SE5

Cleaning up waste

We would like to congratulate Vicky Hutchings on her perceptive article "Toxic shock" (18 August). She is quite right in saying that for the people living with the effects of toxic waste, Greenpeace's campaign is not a success. Indeed, by preventing 15 consignments of waste from being imported, we have only touched the tip of the iceberg. Imports of toxic wastes to the UK are set to escalate, if planning permission for five new incinerators is granted, yet the 83,000 tonnes we imported in 1988 represents a small proportion of the toxic waste we produce.

Rather than building more incinerators, we would do better to invest our resources in clean technologies to reduce our own wastes at their source. The economic benefits from the implementation and export of clean technologies could outweigh the contribution of the waste trade to the Nation's balance of payments. But until producers take responsibility for their wastes, serious reduction of toxic wastes at source will never happen. The international waste trade, as well as easily available disposal technologies, provides easy escape routes for the producers to shed their responsibilities.

Madeleine Cobbing
Greenpeace Toxics Campaigner
30–31 Islington Green
London N1

Petterson and Silcott

Sean French has a point when he attacks the negative view of Sweden encouraged by the British press (Diary, 4 August). Understandably, he is himself led to defend a country that remains an example of what can be achieved by a commitment to the welfare state and low unemployment. Such a defence should not, however, be allowed to gloss over an alternative account of Christer Petterson's conviction for Olof Palme's murder. In this respect the parallel with Winston Silcott is apt.

In neither case can an outsider be 100 per cent certain of Petterson's or Silcott's innocence, but one can be certain that the evidence used to gain their convictions was unsatisfactory and should not have succeeded in a fair trial. It is often argued that Silcott was an ideal scapegoat for Blakelock's killing as he was black and had a violent criminal record. Petterson has also proved an ideal scapegoat for Swedish society as he was a chronic alcohol and drug abuser.

Liberally minded people in Sweden have complained for the past three decades about the widespread obsession with alcohol and drug problems, and the punitive approach to these problems by local and national policy makers. Only last summer the Riksdag passed two laws—one criminalising the use of drugs (as opposed to the possession of, or trading in them), the other, extending the period of compulsory care for adult alcohol and drug abusers from four to six months.

Such measures are usually supported by the vast majority of social democrats as well as the right-wing parties. When it comes to drugs and alcohol, there is a sort of authoritarian alliance which supports tough-minded measures. The same alliance between the lay adjudicators, representing all the major political parties, in the Palme murder trial led to a majority verdict which was unacceptable to the two serving magistrates.

Arthur Gould
Loughborough
Leicestershire

Stunning beefcake

I was feeling the usual mixture of outrage and depression at the state of the world while perusing your organ of 18 August, when I came upon the advertisement on page 35. The inspired lunacy of promoting the English National Opera with a stunning beefcake portrait of a stage technician cheered me up no end, I can tell you.

As I have been repeating for years —we feminists aren't against sexual images per se. We'd just like our (non-violent) fair share too.

Keep it up!

Charlotte Sims
Hertford Mansions
Pembridge Way
London W5

Fair dos?

I don't give a damn what Christopher Driver thinks of my book about the late Osbert Lancaster, ("One of three Osberts", 18 August) but I do think his piece raises questions about reviewing ethics.

He is extremely parsimonious with his use of quotation marks, passing off as his own information, opinions, jokes, even sentences of mine.

Quite gratuitously he says that I hope to remain the friend of Osbert Lancaster's widow. Of course I do. So what?

His one factual contribution is that my home and that of the Lancasters is in Oxfordshire. Silly me. I've only been here about 15 years, and all the time I thought we were in Berkshire, which is what I say in the book. Indeed, my opinion is shared by the Ordnance Survey and the Post Office.

Since Mr Driver's desk is only a few strides from mine at the *Guardian* it was an easy matter to discuss his review face to face. He dismissively replied with some such words as "Fair dos. Knock for knock." I didn't understand what he meant until he said that, well, some years ago I had written a hostile review of a book of his. This took my breath away. In more than quarter of a century's book reviewing I have praised and damned the books of friends and foes as impartially as I could. I thought that was normal practice.

Apparently it is not Mr Driver's. I happen to know that he actually asked to review my book. When acquainted with these facts, some people have suggested to me that Mr Driver's review was written in a spirit of malice as an act of revenge. What an extraordinary idea.

Incidentally, many years ago Mr Driver gave me my very first work for the *Guardian*, for which I will always be grateful to him.

Richard Boston
Aldworth
Reading
Berkshire

Plus ça change

This could run and run, but I hope it won't. Richard tackled me about my review, as he says. Gritting the teeth, he said it was fair—which disposes of the nub of the matter—but went on about inverted commas. Most authors think themselves lucky when their reviewers give space to the contents of their books: Richard must be an exception. As for the rest, for reasons conveyed in the text, I had doubted that Richard would turn out to be the ideal biographer for Osbert Lancaster (whom we both admire too much, perhaps), just as Richard always gave me the impression in person and in print that I was quite the wrong man to tell the British where and how

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to eat. I appreciate his final sentence—not least because I once actually declined work from Richard, then books editor of *New Society*, on the grounds that the fees the poor chap could offer had become ludicrously small. Plus ça change.

Christopher Driver
Church Road
London N6

Rewriting history

As somebody who has been involved in campaigning against the pernicious rewriting of modern history, particularly the Shoah (Holocaust), I was more than a little concerned when I read the review of David Irving's book, "Goering—A Biography" (Books, 18 August).

Recently, David Irving published, launched and wrote a forward, to a publication called "The Leuchter report". The report gives a pseudo-scientific denial of the Holocaust. Irving admits that his position has changed; he once argued that the Shoah was a fact, but Hitler himself had no knowledge of it and if he had, would have prevented it. He now claims that he has been convinced by "the evidence" that the destruction of European Jewry never happened.

Irving has called Anne Frank's Diaries a forgery, his works resound with suggestions of Jewish conspiracy and he has written for the notorious American antisemitic organisation The Institute of Historical Review, whose sole *raison d'être* is to rewrite the history of the Shoah and deny the existence of the Death Camps. Irving was successfully sued by Anne Frank's father and was expelled from Austria for participation in neo-Nazi activity.

Our organisation, the Union of Jewish Students, refuses to allow the death of the six million to be denied or besmirched. We demonstrated at Irving's launch of "The Leuchter Report" and run a series of seminars on Shoah education. With fascism once again in the ascendancy in Europe, we should all be vigilant against unwillingly helping their cause.

David Herman
Campaigns Organiser
Union of Jewish Students
1/2 Endsleigh Street
London WC1H

THIS ENGLAND

£5 book tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please.)

● Pat and Edward Quirk wrote to MP Toby Jessel, after working out the new community charge will cost them around £200 more than they are currently paying in rates.

"With such a big change there are bound to be some gains and some losses," Mr Jessel states in his reply. "However there is one delicate point that I cannot avoid mentioning. As we all have to die sometime, then when a partner goes, only one community charge will be paid instead of two."—*Richmond & Twickenham Observer* (T Goodhill)

● Benny Whiley, 36, of Carlton Road, Boston, charged with dropping litter, was locked in the cells for two hours in Boston, Lincs, until he agreed to remove his flat cap.—*Daily Telegraph* (Elizabeth Jackson)

● You refer (Magazine, last week) to the "capitalist" game of Monopoly [illegible]uced to the USSR. I have [illegible]turbed by the socialist [illegible]game, as all the players [illegible]structed to start with an equal amount of money. Surely a more true representative of capitalism would be for one player to start with a million pounds, two with £1,000 each and the others with, say, £50 apiece. The latter, being unable to purchase much property would soon find themselves owing a great deal of rent to the richer players.—*Letter in the Observer* (Ron Rubin)

● Politeness and civility in the home is at the root of everything. A son who daily and relentlessly hears his father talk to his mother as though she's less than a human being is going to have little respect for women, let alone property.—Lynda Lee-Potter in the *Daily Mail* (L Casement)

● A man who "flipped" and bit a dog in the face after it had bitten him twice was fined £200 for cruelty yesterday.—*Morning Star* (Sid Gregory)

● Extended hours for a prospective bridegroom's pre-wedding dinner in an hotel were refused by Newtown magistrates yesterday after chairman Major John Dugdale said, "We have doubts about pre-wedding dinners".—*Western Mail* (Megan Rees)

POLAND WELCOMES THE IMF
HALLELUJAH! WE CAN'T AFFORD IT! PASS THE GHERKINS STANISLAS!!
FWOOARR!! DAT'S WHAT I CALL SOLIDAR-NOSH!!
GET THOU BEHIND ME GHERKINDOM!
SORRY, HOLY FATHER— WE'RE ALL OUT OF WAFERS WILL GHERKINS DO??

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DIARY

Sean French

A cruel coincidence went unnoticed last week. R D Laing died, at the age of only 61, just a month before the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Sigmund Freud.

The conjunction is cruel because the careers of these two innovative explorers of the mind had entirely opposite trajectories. Freud progressed from being the target of mockery and abuse to a position at the end of his lifetime where his theories had become part of the language of western culture.

Laing had attempted a similar revolution by casting his theory of madness in social and political terms. But during the last couple of decades of his life he was to see his theories abused, discredited and then largely forgotten.

Worst of all perhaps, the body who came closest to putting his theories into practice, by releasing patients from imprisonment in psychiatric hospitals, was not a revolutionary libertarian government of the left but the Thatcher government, cutting costs by selling off valuable sites and thrusting the mentally ill into the "community". The resulting world of hostels, bed and breakfasts, unpaid families and park benches is like a black parody of Laingian practice.

His obituaries fell into just two kinds. There was the outright hostile in the *Times*, that accused him of being not just wrong but a fraud: "Many of his allegedly schizophrenic patients were in fact gross hysterics 'trained' by him."

But Laing would probably have been more upset by the "defences" mounted by his allies and friends. Anthony Clare's touching memoir in the *Guardian* was full of phrases like "whatever the profound shortcomings in his lifelong argument about the nature of mental illness". Even the obituary (in the *Independent*) by Laing's one-time collaborator, Morton Schatzman, described Laing's work on schizophrenia, the "one area where his legacy must be judged", as quite simply wrong.

No one mentioned that Laing's failure represented our own loss of hope. Behind his work was a Rousseauesque conviction that by abolishing the repressive mechanisms of society we could free ourselves. That utopianism now seems sadly out of date.

Like many discredited scientists, Laing's influence will probably survive through his influence on artists. David Edgar's best play, *Mary Barnes*, contains a very funny, half-mocking, half-affectionate portrait of Laing himself.

Also, for the first time, Clancy Sigal is free to publish in Britain his novel, *Zone of the Interior*, which is based on his experiences with Laing in the sixties. It appeared in the United States but neither Laing nor his colleague, David Cooper, would sign release forms promising not to sue. Now both are dead and the book can appear.

I spend a lot of time reading newspapers and magazines and I'm always particularly fascinated by opinion columns and leaders.

This is not because I think I'll learn anything. Quite the reverse. What I enjoy about them is their utterly bogus air of authority. I've always been aware that *I* don't know anything, but I'm increasingly suspecting that no one else does either.

To take just one blatant example, I can never read Peter Jenkins writing about the inevitability of the Thatcher revolution without recalling his final *Guardian* column of the 1979 General Election campaign, in which he predicted that the Labour Party would win.

These thoughts were prompted by the fact that the government of the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan has now survived for six months after the withdrawal of Soviet forces from Kabul.

At times like this I feel like the old animals at the end of *Animal Farm*, struggling to remember the original promises that were made and forgotten.

I can certainly recall the ringing predictions in the *Economist* that various members of the government would soon be swinging from the lamp posts of Kabul.

Most of all I remember the frequent description of the crisis in Afghanistan as the USSR's Vietnam. The comparison has scarcely been borne out by events. The South Vietnam government imploded under the force of its own corruption and incompetence while the Americans were still in place (a ghastly process traced through the 800 pages of Neil Sheehan's *A Bright Shining Lie*). The US forces fled, abandoning their former allies to their fate.

Six months ago all western diplomats fled Kabul, telling us that history was about to repeat itself. Now the Afghan government looks more secure than ever.

What do the western intelligence services do with all the money we give them?

Last week at the time when our rugby players were arriving in South Africa, I was interested to discover the identity of another sanctions buster—myself.

A South African friend told me over the phone that she had recently read an article by me in the magazine of the *Sunday Star*, which is apparently a liberal newspaper. The article was an interview with the American humorous writer, P J O'Rourke, that I had written for the *Observer* colour supplement last year.

If the *Star* had asked me directly to interview O'Rourke for them, I wouldn't have accepted. If I had, I would have devoted a substantial part of the review to discussing South Africa itself, about which O'Rourke has written an interesting piece in the book which provided the occasion for the interview.

As it stood, the interview must, to the reader, have seemed pretty shallow and frivolous, skirting around the only issue that might have given it some pertinence.

I've always found the sanctions issue confusing. For example, the *Independent* criticised the English cricketers for contracting to play in South Africa, yet the same paper is quite prepared to syndicate its sports reports in South African newspapers and even accept advertising from South African firms that are trying to attract tourists to the country ("holidaying in other people's misery", as the Sex Pistols' song, *Holidays in the Sun*, put it).

There may be a difference between the two activities but the sports boycott has always seemed to me a suspiciously cheap and easy form of political action, which has left businessmen largely untouched.

Meanwhile, I'm left wondering if I have any control over the fate of what I write. Doubtless some reader will now write in to inform me that my *NSS* diary is currently being syndicated in *Bulldog*.

ROGER WODDIS

Dan, Dan, the Planetary Man

"America's destiny is to discover and to pioneer in space. We shall keep America first."—Vice-President Dan Quayle, on Voyager II's journey to Neptune

Dan, Dan, the Planetary Man,
More full of wind than a baked beans can,
Sounded off on the theme of space
And the destined role of the master race.

He wrapped himself in the glorious flag,
A bigmouth graduate from Fort Brag.
He swore to defeat corruption and graft,
And avoided colds by dodging the draught.

His eyes were raised to the distant stars,
And he saw them stacked with American cars,
American soaps and American crime,
And preachers selling their souls for a dime.

The future belongs to Planetary Dan,
The mystical, fistical Superman:
Today the world, for better or worse,
Tomorrow the whole Dan universe!

But better not speak in the future tense:
When the sun expands five billion years hence,
The Earth will explode in a final flash,
Reducing all Quayles to a pile of ash.

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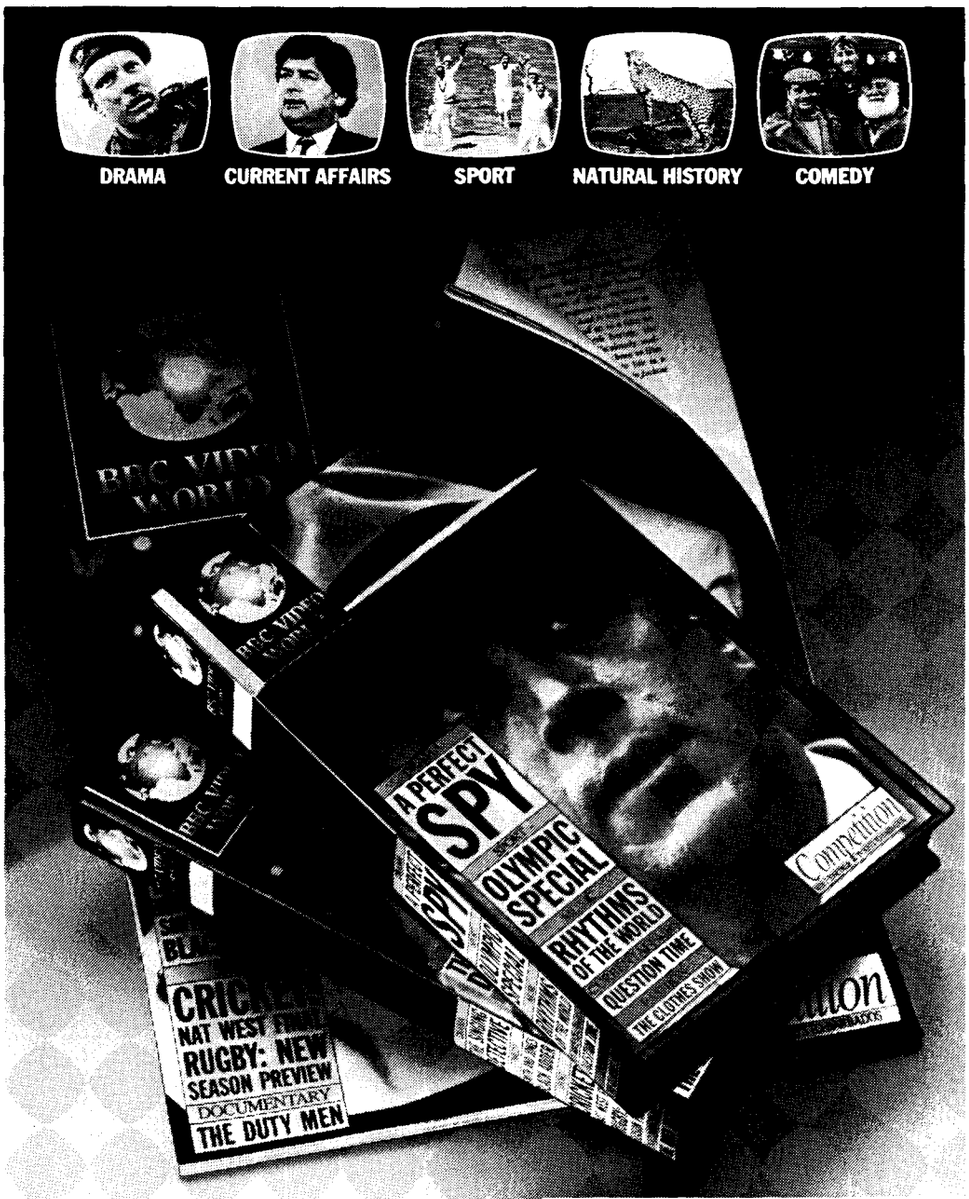

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Denial of dignity

The Welsh Valleys Initiative, charges Hywel Francis, is a blind pursuit of ideology that in its wake casts aside miners like cattle to the slaughter

In the depths of the 1984-85 miners' strike, four church leaders from the South Wales Valleys published their proposals for the future of the coal industry and its communities.

It was a rational, sensible, just solution and it was idealistic. It became known as the *Church* initiative and won the support of the National Union of Mineworkers and the National Coal Board (as it was then called) in the area where the strike was strongest—South Wales.

The Church initiative tried to drag the crisis away from the sterility of the media headlines of "picket line violence". It talked about long-term planning, international cooperation, safe energy, conservation, community development and public accountability through an independent review body. Throughout the document there was a strong sense of social responsibility, and that was redolent in the importance attached to "community" whether in the valleys, nationally (Wales and Britain) or internationally. Above all, it believed that the coal industry should not be subject to the vagaries of an undisciplined free market.

In the Church discussions which preceded the publication of the document, one of its architects, the Reverend John Morgans, talked about a black South African clergyman who listened to the debates on how the strike could be brought to an end. "There can be no reconciliation without first winning justice," was his advice.

In its own restrained yet powerful way the Church initiative was informed by both reconciliation and justice—but it was not part of the emerging "enterprise culture". And for that reason it was swept to one side: it was a document before its time.

This seems a long way from the recent public outcry over the closure of Merthyr Vale and Oakdale, which coincided with further closures in Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, the end of the Kent coalfield and redundancies announced at the Hoover's plant in Merthyr. In the five years since the strike the South Wales coalfield will have been reduced from 20,000 to little more than 4,000 employees—far fewer than employed in Cardiff's television studios—and this has also coincided with the announcements that Ryan International (already owning significant anthracite coal interests in West Wales) was seriously interested in re-opening Marine Colliery in Gwent (which had been closed by British Coal earlier in the year) and that National Power was considering constructing two new ports capable of handling ten million tonnes of coal a year—one at Milford Haven in Dyfed.

The closures of Oakdale and Merthyr Vale therefore come at a crucial time. It is that very moment when electricity supply is being privatised which created the conditions—economic, "atmospheric" and cultural—for the privatisation of coal.

It is also at the moment when Welsh Secretary, Peter Walker, has had his most difficult week since the announcement of this well-publicised and widely praised "Valleys Initiative", the aim of which was to provide for the economic regeneration of the valleys. In the past few days, local authorities, unions, MPs, and MEPs have all questioned the lack of effectiveness of this Welsh office strategy for the valleys. As Des Dutfield, president of the South Wales miners, put it: "We have lost 3,500 mining jobs in South Wales in less than six months. Welsh Secretary, Peter Walker should think of that as he goes on about his famous Valleys Initiative."

Miners may have been almost 'abolished' but their communities remain to influence political culture

Academic studies had already been sceptical about what was being achieved and the methods used. The Cardiff Business School's Report, *Divided Wales*, published this year, states:

> "Certainly the government has recognised a problem area: it remains to be seen whether the 'Programme of the People' will work... When considering any intra-regional differences within Wales this should be placed in the context of a poorly performing region which has been slipping further behind the prosperous South of England and the revived Midlands... this relative decline is illustrated by a number of social, economic and industrial indicators. This is in stark contrast to the picture portrayed by certain politicians and agencies."

The government's "Valleys Initiative" says nothing about the future prospects of the Welsh Coal Industry. In its defence however, Peter Walker last week "rejoiced" at the way the valleys had been attracting a big share of inward investment from overseas and the fact that unemployment in Wales had fallen farther than in any other part of Britain, with the valleys showing the greatest improvement of all.

But as Dr Kevin Morgan has pointed out about such initiatives which rely heavily on the private sector:

> "... this market-led approach... offers little hope of levering Britain into the advanced industrial league. Equally important, though, the type of "recovery" which it has engineered has little to offer a growing underclass of unemployed and working poor."

The "recovery" may well be focused on a "screw-driver" economy of branch plants with flexible work practices and no-strike agreements and in garden festivals, mining museums and heritage parks.

There is little evidence that redundant miners have been given quality training in colleges or universities—which should be their right—nor that women have had much chance to break out of their "traditional" low-paid employment. On the contrary, the only comprehensive South Wales study (of Oakdale's neighbour Markham) shows that less than one-eighth of the redundant miners went on retraining schemes and that an enormous human and social cost is exacted through the rupture of communities and personal isolation and illness.

Last week was full of fear for the unknown. Forty-eight hours to decide whether they should accept redundancy and leave the industry prompted Tony Davies, leader of the Merthyr Vale miners, to talk of "men being treated like cattle", of "shotgun industrial relations" and Councillor Gwyn Davies of Islwyn Borough Council in describing unemployment rates in the area rising from 15 per cent to 25 per cent overnight, to talk of a situation of "social and economic devastation". It was as if the miner's worth was being discounted and he, his family and his community were thus being denied dignity.

Mounting losses there were, at both pits, and no one would defend keeping pits open without viable reserves. But their closure, as has often been the case in the recent past, has resulted in millions of tons of high-quality reserves being sterilised—most of it forever—at a time when the price of coal on the international market is rising. Add to this, the serious interest ever since the early 1980s being shown by major

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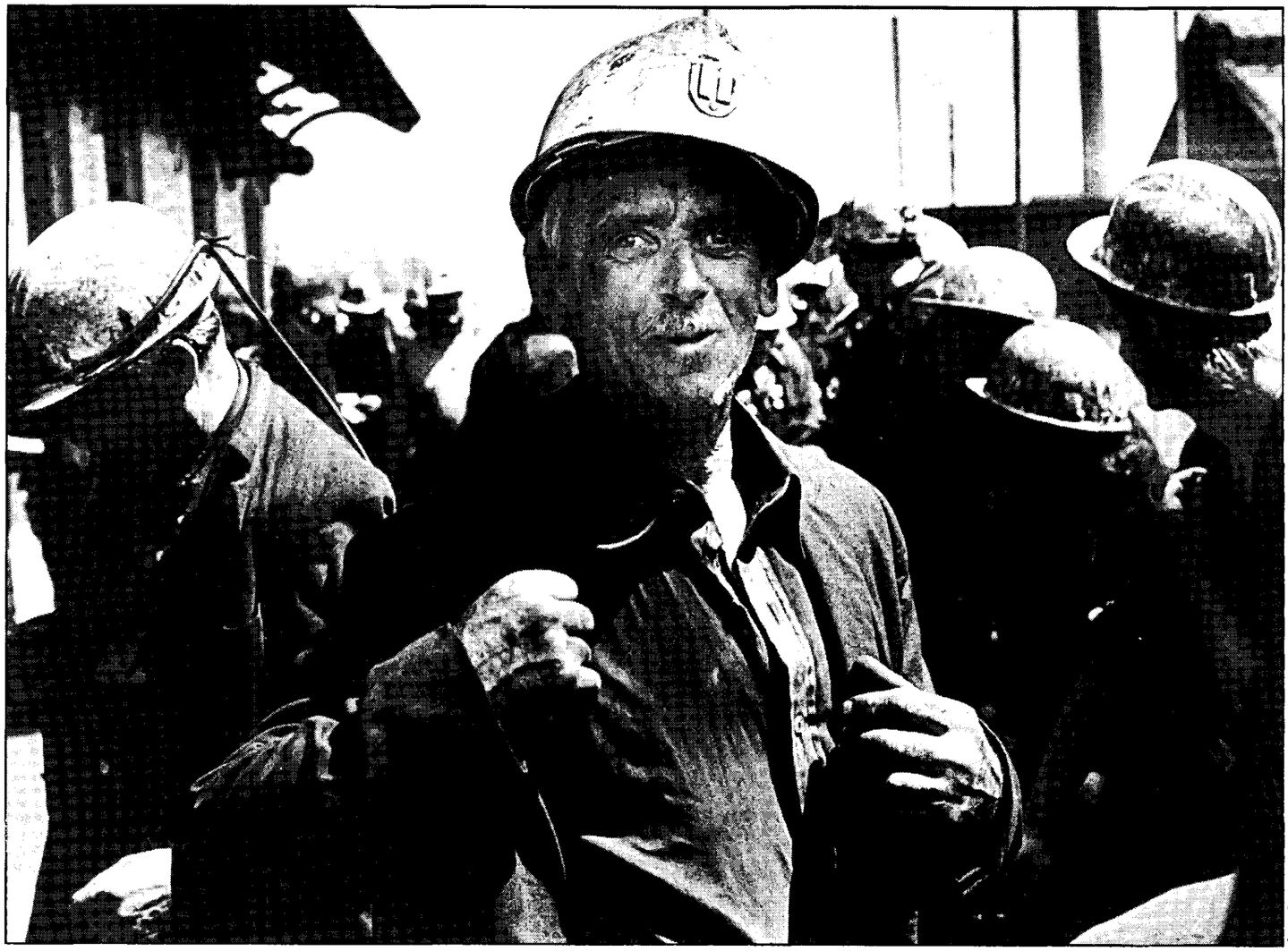

Steve Benbow/Network

Miners who are made redundant are unlikely to get on retraining schemes — rather they face a bleak future beset by isolation and illness.

international energies corporations in the high-grade South Wales reserves and you begin to believe the NUM's claim that the new Margam mine will never be opened other than by a private concern.

It is now widely accepted that the industry is being prepared by the government for privatisation. Every announcement of closure and further redundancies should be seen in that short-term context rather than any belief in developing a regional or national economy through the securing, long-term, of the nation's energy resources.

The apparent separation of the government's Valleys Initiative is an indication of this: it is an initiative which seemingly accepts a post-coal economy for the valleys.

I remember years ago, Peter Evans, who had led the public campaign in defence of Deep Dyffryn colliery, saying that Merthyr Vale would be the last pit to close in South Wales "because it was in Aberfan". That was nothing to do with any feeling that the miners were likely to refer to the disaster in any defensive campaign. Indeed, it reflects enormously on the community and its miners that the recent public campaign has been marked by its dignity and any reference to the past has been restrained and minimal. And yet, it is staggering that both British Coal and the government have failed to recognise that here—of all places—it should have made a special effort—either to recognise the union's last-ditch offer or mark the closure with some major retraining programme comparable with the response to the Steel closures of the 1970s.

Fifteen years ago was the "Year of the Valleys" when the people of Aberfan and Merthyr Vale made their "call to the Valleys", in many ways a forerunner of the "Church Initiative":

> "We invite the people, during [the] year, to examine themselves, to rediscover what has made them what they are, to choose in a new age what they are going to be."

This profound sense of participation and justice, of democracy and community which has been so evident this year in coalfields as far afield as Virginia and the Donbass in the Ukraine, is particularly strong in the valleys of South Wales.

The present government needs to understand that although it may have broken the NUM and may have almost "abolished" miners, their communities and their inheritance remain and may still influence the political culture of this country.

In reflecting on what remains of his "Valleys Initiative", on the need for genuine economic regeneration including the coal industry and for quality training and educational opportunities for the women and men of the valleys—and all industrial regions—Peter Walker would do well to look again at the humanity which inspired the "Church Initiative". I suspect however, that the initiative that he once had has slipped from his grasp largely because of what the public has perceived as a cavalier handling of the recent situation. He has, for once, lost the moral high ground and is unlikely now to regain it.

Whatever he does before the next general election, there is no doubt that the Labour Party must look at new ways of democratising, humanising and decentralising the industries which are, or ought to be, in public ownership.

Remember the haunting words of the late Raymond Williams in *New Socialist* at the end of the miners' strike:

> "There is wealth only in people and in their lands and seas. Uses of this wealth which discard and abandon people are so profoundly contradictory that they become a social disaster."

The miners of Oakdale, Merthyr Vale, Bettshanger and elsewhere have been discarded by what the "Church Initiative" called the "vagaries of undisciplined market forces". Despite all the public "elegies", I suspect and hope that these shameful acts may have shifted public thinking towards what Raymond Williams called "an economic policy which would begin from real people in real places and which would be designed to sustain their continuing life". ●

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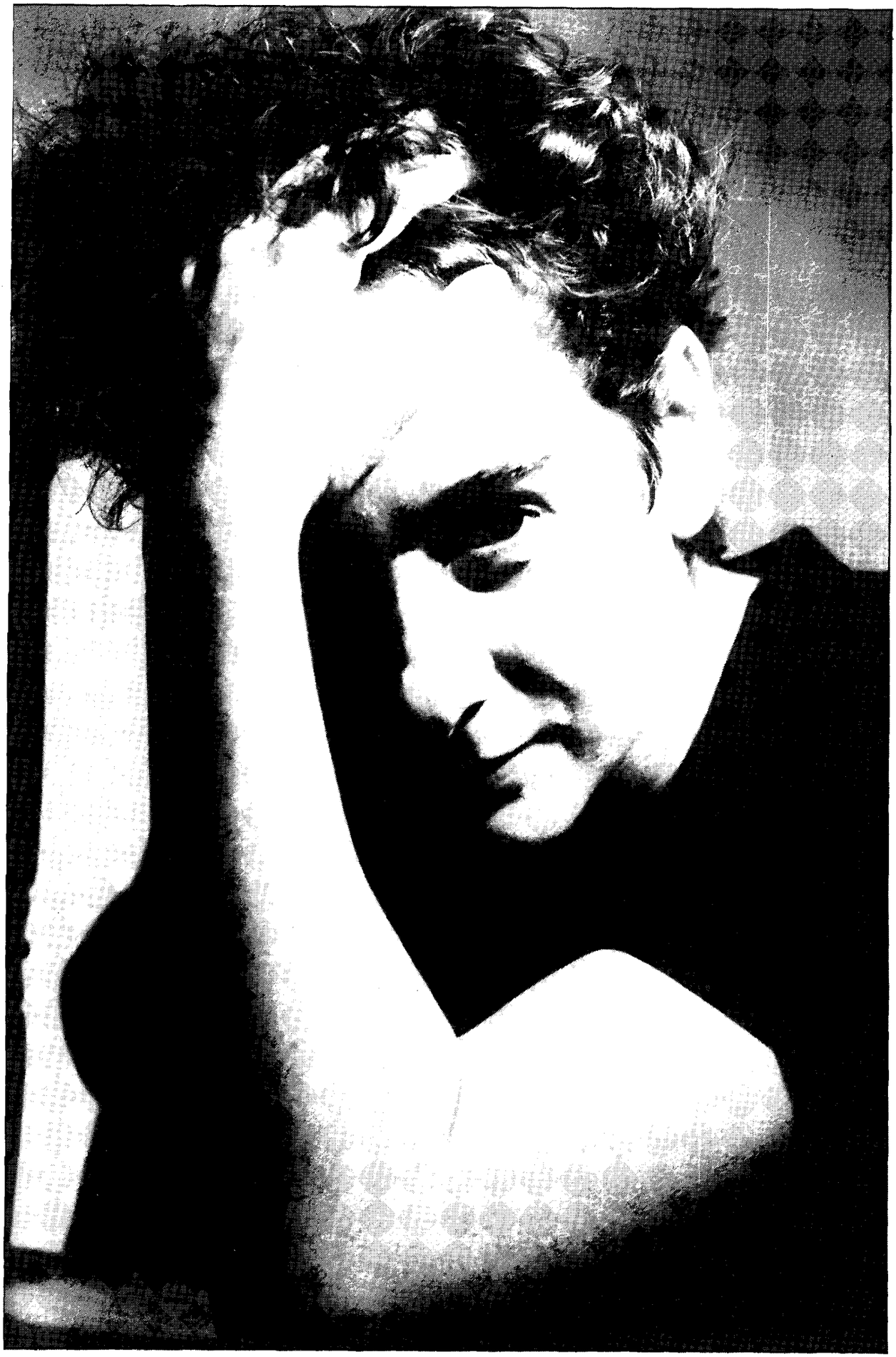

Jillian Edelstein

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The prophet

Nicci Gerrard talks to Jeanette Winterson, the novelist who says if it doesn't shock it isn't art

Evangelists don't lose their zeal, they just find other causes. At 12, the formidable young novelist Jeanette Winterson was preaching from the hustings and saving souls; at 16 she was found in bed with another woman and thrown out of her home and the Pentecostal Church. Her mother keeps a revolver in the duster drawer to scare away door-to-door salesmen and Jehovah's Witnesses and her enemies are the Devil, Next Door, Sex and Slugs. She called her daughter the "child of the Devil" when she read Jeanette's autobiographical first novel, *Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit*. But Jeanette is still fuelled by the evangelical fervour whose wrathful "thou shalt nots" she has struggled so successfully to escape.

Sitting in her garden with her two cats (MG—because she loves those particular cars and in fact owns one—and Hopeful—because she is) Jeanette Winterson comes across as relaxed and humorous rather than morally driven. But many years ago, her mother told her "you can change the world", and Jeanette still believes that. Her self-appointed task is to "challenge the way people think, not just about big things but about little daily things as well—to free them for a time from gravity".

Her first two novels—*Oranges Are Not The Only Fruit* and *Boating for Beginners*—are acerbic and touching comedies. The next two, *The Passion* and, now, *Sexing the Cherry*, are slim and poetic novels of magic realism. They are arresting precisely because they are unafraid of zestful morality, and enchanting because, like The Bible, they often make imaginative metaphors literal. *The Passion* is set in the Napoleonic Wars and ranges down the labyrinths of Venice and the vast wastes of Siberia. Its web-footed heroine literally loses her heart. *Sexing the Cherry* takes place during the epic ravages of the civil war, plague and great fire. In it, the grotesque and loyal dog woman, who can hold a dozen oranges in her mouth and who sucks a gallant would-be lover into her cavernous vagina, is literally heavier than an elephant. The protagonist, Jordan, is in search of the dancer (or perhaps "the dancing part of himself") who really does float. *Sexing the Cherry*, like its predecessor *The Passion*, combines sensuous detail, magic and lovely language. And it, too, meditates religiously upon the nature of reality and of the self ("I'm not looking for God, only for myself" says the restless Jordan, "and that is far more complicated").

There are two religious roles according to Winterson, who specialises in epigrammatic virtuousity: that of the priest and that of the prophet. The priests "have all the words written out already and only have to read them". The prophets, on the other hand, "are always on the edge, crying in the wilderness—and often what they say isn't wanted. Art should be shocking—otherwise, all you are left with is entertainment—like a baby with a dummy."

So, with engaging and slightly shocking candour, the novelist sets herself up as a prophet of Hampstead Heath. And for someone who so flagrantly transgressed the laws of her native church, she speaks in strangely biblical and rapturous prose about her ideals and ambitions. When *The Passion* was translated into several foreign languages, she felt "pride, yes, but above all joy—joy that more people would read my words". When she considers modern life, she condemns its continual noise and stress which "take the hallowed time out of life". When she calls herself an "optimist" it is because she "believes in miracles".

Perhaps it is, in Winterson's chivalric language, almost a miracle that she escaped from Pentecostal Evangelism and northern working class constraints. She has become, at 30, one of the most exciting and acclaimed authors of her generation. When she was a child, unnatural passions were chemicals put in sweets, and bedtime reading was Deuteronomy. There is a sense in which her scramble towards an unencumbered and self-supporting success resembles that of a "rebellious young man" rather than a young woman without role models.

From saving souls in Lancashire, she progressed to putting smiles on the faces of corpses in an undertaker's parlour, selling ice-cream, and working in a mental hospital. After studying English at Oxford she tried to get a job in advertising (but writing the words for a symphony for Schweppes floored her) and then in publishing (but was told she was too "wayward and headstrong"). Alone and fearful—"I had no back-up, no one to telephone, nowhere to go, and sometimes I wondered if I could keep it up"—she wrote *Oranges*. "What else could I do? What else can I do now? I've established that I'm unemployable." It was well-received, and won the 1985 Whitbread First Novel Award.

The saga is less manically bizarre after her first novel was published, and is charted by "prizes and successes" rather than colourful excursions into alien worlds. But she says she is becoming ever more frightened by the interior process of writing. "If you want to go on inventing the self, then you can never be satisfied with what you have already done. Each time it is an uncharted journey." And she hates the way the media now treats writers: "Writing is so private and interior, but when the book is published, everything changes. Nothing is private; everything can be divulged."

The actual tenor of her daily life is quiet and meditative. She loves gardening, swimming, going for walks. "I could be a retired colonel in Bournemouth: taking my tea at the appointed hour; my regular turn on the heath; my perusal of the TLS. I wouldn't be seen dead dancing. I am pleased to be 30: as I get older, my lifestyle becomes less anachronistic."

In *Sexing the Cherry* Jordan pursues his "hidden life" which "was written invisibly, was squashed between the facts, was flying without me..." Winterson too has "a hidden life, while appearing to be open and candid". She revels in her concealment, calling her camouflage of self-revelation "a useful paradox". She talks tranquilly, and with arresting frankness, about her tantrums. They are directed against herself when she feels she has "failed language", and against the unholy trinity of Margaret Thatcher, Cecil Parkinson and Nicholas Ridley, whom she sees as failing all of us. (She is certainly evangelical about the environment, and will take Ecover kits into friends' homes, throwing out their Fairy Liquid).

She readily admits that she was damaged in her childhood, and discusses the process of "self-healing". She recalls her anti-social behaviour, and her stormy relationships. She questions her lack of guilt, a passion she dwells upon much in fiction. And all the while she warns you that she is glad to hide behind her apparent openness and her self-generated publicity. "Naked is the best diguise."

For the relaxed yet intense Jeanette Winterson is a consummate self-publicist, articulate and anecdotal. She has a way of fictionalising herself—making her life into a series of fables and self-consciously fantastical gestures. She has, for instance, bought herself a plot in Highgate Cemetery ("I tend it; it is like my second home"), and wanted to buy a coffin where she would keep her foreign editions, until her horrified friends accused her of being macabre. Warned by the muddled fall-out of the death of a close friend, and not wanting Mrs Winterson to collect the loot for a new gospel tent, she has also arranged her after-life, which includes a theatrical funeral service. "It will be a big do—lots of champagne. And I've left enough money for people to go on trips and forget about me." The details of the actual service remain secret—but it all ends with a hot air balloon. Behind the stories and gestures, the real self remains hidden.

There could be something faintly ludicrous about someone who thinks she is a "prophet crying in the wilderness". Yet with her quiet but almost tangible self-assurance, this "self-made" woman somehow pulls it off. Considering the question of whether or not she is arrogant, She pauses before replying: "I've always thought of arrogance as being pleased with oneself without just reason. I have reason to be pleased with myself. Of course I am pleased with myself. Against all the odds I have come from nowhere and been able to make a difference." ●

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Alexander Cockburn reports on American adulation over Fernando Collor de Mello, front-runner in the Brazilian presidential race and master creative accountant

Hot about Collor

Popperfoto

Back in the 1950s, when I was first learning to read newspapers and understand their inner laws of motion, I used to be charmed by the unexpectedness of having some palpable rogue presented as democracy's latest doughty champion. No villain—Syngman Rhee, Magsaysay, Noo Dinh Diem—was too freighted with corruption but that Henry Luce's hacks on *Time* magazine would heave him up on to the white charger and send him shambling into battle.

Nothing much has changed in the intervening 35 years. As the world leaders, or potential leaders, congenial to Washington and Wall Street make their seasonal swings through town to stroke senators, bankers and editorial boards, the hacks do their duty with so ingenuous an air that one could almost swear that they were learning the arts of misrepresentation for the very first time, or had so successfully internalised the necessary stylistic procedures that they were not consciously aware of the extent to which they were deceiving their readers.

Of course, it is the desideratum of almost all foreign news desks of the corporate press that their correspondents may be ignorant, so long as they are ignorant in a reliable way.

Take the impending visit to the United States, scheduled for 3 September, of Fernando Collor de Mello. Polls suggest that Collor is leading by a substantial margin in the Brazilian presidential campaign, which culminates in November. As one would expect, given that Brazil has the largest economy in Latin America, its elections are always followed with keen interest by disposing classes here. This particular election is the first conventionally democratic one since the generals took over in 1964 with the enthusiastic support of the United States. A few months ago there was a certain tension in the air. It seemed possible that the next president would be Leonel Brizola, a populist and the brother-in-law of João Goulart, the president evicted in 1964. Worse still, Luis Inácio da Silva, "Lula," the candidate of the Workers Party, was making a strong showing, and if Brizola was regarded as being mostly gestural in his radicalism, Lula was cut from tougher material. Of all third world nations, Brazil is the most indebted—by $112 billion—to first world banks, and Lula was given to denunciations of the debt burden with an eloquence troubling to bankers, who look at debt the same way a dog looks at a ham bone.

When Lula came north in May, the bigwigs scarcely pulled out the bunting. Just before he arrived the *New York Times* ran a piece by James Brooke, its new correspondent in Rio de Janeiro, saying that Lula had a healthy respect for capitalism. Brooke's piece was mostly of interest in showing that in place of Marlise Simons, a good reporter who knows a lot about Brazil, the *Times* had imported another of its standard-issue foreign correspondents eager to demonstrate that nation after nation was turning to Milton Friedman and von Hayek.

Unlike Lula, Collor is to get the big hello when he arrives. According to the *Journal do Brasil*, he will be greeted by Bush or Quayle. Meetings are expected with Treasury Secretary James Brady, the heads of the World Bank and the Inter-American Development Bank. Collor will lunch in Congress with Democratic and Republican leaders. All of which intimates that something friendly this way comes. And indeed, Collor has already announced that he won't try to buck the wise counsel of the International Monetary Fund, such counsel being the expected recipes of austerity, sale of state assets and an opening of the economy to increase foreign exploitation. The *Folha de São Paulo*, one of Brazil's leading newspapers, ran a story on 6 August about Collor that began, "The electoral polls that point to a large advantage for Fernando Collor de Mello are leaving Brazil's creditor banks satisfied and tranquil."

On 30 July the *New York Times* introduced the man whom the Brazilian press is calling the US government's preferred candidate. In the *Week in Review* section, a large photograph depicted a smooth-looking fellow shaking hands with Margaret Thatcher. Any perturbed banker not sufficiently assuaged by this comforting image would have had further doubts dispelled by Brooke's accompanying dispatch. Here, shoulder to shoulder, with President Salinas de Cortari and candidate Mario Vargas Llosa, the prophets of free enterprise in Mexico and Peru, respectively, was Collor advocating the selling of state companies and the cutting of public payrolls. The article's headline was "Desperate, Latin Nations Discover the Free Market."

Brooke and his colleagues would certainly be remiss if they did not point out that the manic promotion of "free market capitalism", as presented in the idiom dreamed up by the intellectual publicists for Reagan and Thatcher in the late 1970s, is inflating Latin American political rhetoric just at the moment that it is starting to recede farther north. The trouble comes when Brooke, and other choristers of Capitalism Resurgent distort their reporting, both in advertising the supposed successes of the "market" model—something many North American journalists have done on frequent occasions in writing about Chile—and in concealing the horrors of actually-existing capitalism throughout the third world. This penchant for distortion and omission is habitual, as mainstream reporting on Collor demonstrates.

On 31 July Brooke had another piece in *The New York Times* setting forth Collor as a kind of all-purpose "Our Boy", as though Fredy Cristiani, Vargas Llosa, Jimmy Carter and Al Gore were rolled into one. Here was a candidate "who grew up listening to the Rolling Stones", who with his "actor's smile, aquiline nose and swimmer's build... seems to have stepped out of one of Brazil's slickly produced television dramas". Collor, who was educated in Rio's "best private schools", is a former national karate champion and now, running on an anti-corruption ticket, presents himself as "Mr Clean", the "hunter of maharajas", those civil

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De Mello gets his pictorial blessing as a prophet of free enterprise

Collor spent $1 million on official propaganda, of which 54 per cent went to media outlets owned by him or his family

servants who do little work but pick up fat cheques.

In the fortieth paragraph of a 45-paragraph story Brooke briefly noted charges of corruption made against Collor. Brazilian congressmen "allied with Mr Brizola", Brooke was careful to point out, had presented the Justice Minister with a document detailing 12 such charges. Brooke gave no details. His final paragraph depicted Collor, who dismisses the charges, sitting confidently at home, having refused to participate in two televised debates. "At the hour of the first debate, he invited photographers to his family mansion in Brasilia. The candidate and his wife were photographed watching on television *Secret Admirer*, an American teen-love movie dubbed in Portugese. "The film's great," said Rosane Collor, holding Vine, her white poodle. "See, I'm not even taping the debate," the candidate said, pointing to a video cassette recorder. Connoisseurs of this kind of journalism might care to compare this intimate fade-out with the puff pieces in the North American press on Cristiani two days after the Salvadoran election, which tended to dwell upon Cristiani's wrist technique in playing squash.

Some in the Brazilian press are painting a different picture of Collor's political biography. When Collor was governor of the state of Alagoas, a court ruled that a sales tax previously imposed on the sugar barons was illegal and should be refunded. Collor then agreed to give the barons—the major financial powers in the state—more than $100 million, a sum that a court later ruled to be twice as large as it should have been. Such kindness seems regularly to have imbued Collar. As governor he handed a state contract worth $500,000 to a company headed by his principal economic adviser, Zelia Cardoso de Mello (no relation), bypassing the usual bidding process en route.

Hunting maharajas is to Collor's national political trajectory what zero-based budgeting was to Jimmy Carter in 1976. Yet in 1982, as mayor of Maceió, the capital city of Alagoas, Collor appointed 3,000 public employees—3,000 of these same maharajas, that is—in the final week of his tenure in City Hall. Such beneficence was reflected on a smaller scale when, as governor, Collor put 65 people to work in the legislative assembly of Alagoas, of whom all 65 were either his relatives, his wife's relatives or relatives of his political allies. This is payroll padding on a scale that would make even a Tammany politician blush.

As mentioned in Brooke's piece, Collor's family—like that of his possible host, Quayle—is a media barony, owning a newspaper, a television station and radio stations. *Folha de São Paulo* has disclosed that when Organizaçoēs Arnon de Mello, the name of the Collor media group, owed the state bank a bundle of money, the group agreed to repay it by giving the bank free television, radio and newspaper advertising. For the bank the deal was signed by a man who was one of Collor's principal supporters in his campaign for governor. Here is a fine example of actually-existing privatisation of public property. Further charges have appeared in the Brazilian press. In his last five months as governor of Alagoas, Collor spent almost $1 million on official propaganda promoting his work as governor, of which 54 per cent went to media outlets owned by him and his family.

Brazilian law decrees that state governors have the right to "expenses of a secret character", which don't have to be formally accounted for in any great detail. These sums are traditionally meant for emergency expenses for which receipts cannot be secured. From January to May of this year Collor spent $1.1 million in this way, thus exceeding by no less than 5,276 per cent the budget put aside for "expenses of a secret character". The year before, Collor had similarly gone over budget, by 1,719 per cent. According to *Folha de São Paulo*, which revealed this, Collor could have used the money he spent this year to build 200 low-cost homes or pay the year's salaries of the employees of the state agency looking after abandoned children. Instead, Collor spent much of the money on presents and flowers. Within the past year this privateering foe of bloated public expenditure has spent more than $10,000 in state funds on flowers purchased from a company owned by his wife's cousin—all this in one of the poorest states in Brazil, where malnutrition is endemic.●

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POLITICAL COLUMN

Jam tomorrow?

Labour's policy review is a blandly digestible doughnut. It still needs something in the middle

Ben Pimlott

Let's not be fashionably grudging about Labour's policy review document, *Meet the Challenge, Make the Change*, which the party conference will loyally endorse next month. Despite brickbats from friends and unctuous pats on the head from enemies (not to mention plenty of own goals, like the india-rubber-man over defence), Neil Kinnock and his team have brought off a political triumph that could be a turning-point in British politics.

As bedtime reading, of course, it's scarcely up to much, except as an inducement to turn out the light. It could not have been sub-titled Tales of the Unexpected, and even the majestically uncommunicative chapter headings have been designed in order not to raise anybody's blood pressure. Unremarkableness was the intention and it has certainly been achieved. A retired colonel in Tunbridge Wells would have to rake the small print to find anything about which to feel remotely disgusted.

The party Kinnock took over in 1983 presented the new leader with severe problems. His objective was the same as Hugh Gaitskell's in the 1950s—to edge the Labour Party closer to an accommodation with reality. By the time of the 1987 election, he had already waded through the Slough of Despond and arrived at Doubting Castle: Labour no longer demanded withdrawal from Europe or a random package of nationalisations, but embarrassed imprecision surrounded its attitude towards the private sector and the European Community, and its defence policy had become a mystifying contradiction. If the 1983 manifesto was a suicide note, its successor was a matrix of evasions.

The need for change was manifest. But Kinnock saw (as his predecessor-but-three did not) that you never get the Labour Party to do anything by lecturing it. The TUC used to be depicted in cartoons as a carthorse. The Labour Party might best be represented as a mule: liable to kick back if chastised, but willing to advance an inch at a time if prodded and coaxed by a dextrous master. Hence the long drawn-out policy review, with all its wearying submissions. It would have been impossible without them. Yet nobody doubted at the outset the nature of the intended destination.

The importance of *Meet the Challenge* lies not in the carefully drafted proposals on everything from VAT to the Horn of Africa, but in a handful of paragraphs which forensically dispose of Labour's hoariest commitments.

Not so much a "new agenda", as it claims, more a political statement that the wastrel years are over, and that Labour wishes to be taken seriously as a contender for office. "It is time for change," says Kinnock in his introduction. "We are ready."

It is the end of one road. It needs to be the beginning of another. Labour might win the next election by default, or because of a final revulsion against the servants of the Peacock Throne. But if it is to make a success of its next term of office, it needs something more exciting than this recuperative and judicious document.

Ideally, Labour needs a life-enhancing theory on which to base a scheme for restructuring society, a theory which—as neo-liberalism has done for the Tories—sustains an arrogant belief in socialist practical superiority. Once upon a time a feeling of superiority was something which everybody on the left took for granted. This was based on a powerfully reverberative word: planning. What Raphael Samuel has called the "cult of planning" maintained its Mithraic hold on intelligent opinion with such hypnotic effect that even the Tories had to take up bits of it. From the physical planning of the 1940s to the doomed National Plan of 1965—and even beyond—planning seemed purposive and hopeful. "The Labour Party is a crusade or it is nothing," said Harold Wilson. The point about planning, almost over and above the question of whether it worked, was that it provided the intellectual substance for crusading evangelism.

Labour might—indeed it would be crazy if it doesn't—turn a deep, emerald shade of green

Today, the planning god is dead, or at any rate sleeping. Even the Soviet Union regards planning as an inherited burden, and the British Communist Party has been way ahead of Labour in jettisoning it. The worldwide swing against a belief in the efficacy of directive, indicative of almost every kind of national planning, has now affected every social democratic party and it leaves the British Labour Party painfully exposed. An eighth of *Labour's Programme 1976* was devoted to economic planning and in *Labour's Programme 1982* "planning" and "socialist economics" were almost synonymous. You have to search *Make the Challenge* with a microscope to find any mention of the word at all. Far more important—and incomparably more damaging to morale—than the shelving of nationalisation has been the abandonment of this core *raison d'être*.

Despite the evidence of Tory mismanagement, Labour has yet to recapture the aura of progress and modernity which carried it to victory in 1945 and 1964—and which its dedication to the cult of planning bestowed upon it. But if Labour is no longer a party of planning, what kind of party does it want to become? A social welfare party? a vaguely re-distributive, regulatory and voter-orientated party?

Post-policy review, the temptation may be to coast through on Tory mistakes and a shrewd application of polling data. That could be a fatal error. A more prudent approach for the party leader may be to fill the hole at the centre of the blandly digestible doughnut in new ways. He would do well to pick up some of the aspirations the Tories have so ingeniously exploited, and see what a socialist government, unconstrained by capitalist assumptions, might do with them.

Julian Le Grand's cheeky proposal for "left-wing" education vouchers is worth a second glance. So are other schemes which offer genuine choice to poor people and empower them against the state.

Labour could take up the increasingly popular issue of proportional representation, gaining the support of much centre as well as left-wing opinion, and giving the Democrats a vested interest in a Labour victory. Labour could become the party which passionately seeks to use the European Community as the basis for extending Britain's relations not just with western Europe, but also with the new and would-be democracies of the east. Labour might—indeed it would be crazy if it doesn't—turn a deep, emerald shade of green.

Any of these radical possibilities is open to Neil Kinnock, once he has the policy review properly rubber stamped. That is the measure of his achievement, and of his opportunity.

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Tidemarks

Alison Light

The war was still on when I was a child, though I never wore a gas-mask or heard a siren. In the 1960s we played "Nazis and Jews" in the street, taking it in turns to be seven-year-old Gestapo, or to hide in doorways, dodging passers-by. Always, the victims got away. We played "French Resistance" in the municipal rec, made our own "papers", cutting photos out of Freeman's catalogues and drawing detailed plans of escape to the churchyard. The "Yankees" were our heroes, and I was in love with an eight-year-old pilot, who parachuted out of the trees to "make contact" with me.

Had I seen war films by then, whose vocabulary seems so much the language of those fantasies? Kenneth More reaching for the sky, Virginia McKenna as Violet Szabo, *Albert RN*; or was it the landscape that formed the territory of recall? Bombsites were where we made our "dens", weaving our way back from Picture Club across broken glass, balancing on blown-away ledges.

Relics were everyday. Grey army blankets on the beds, the sausage-shaped kitbag used for the laundry, Dad's khaki shorts. So many sentences started, "during the war", "just after the war", and "before..." that war was always imminent. I didn't know when "it" had "broken out"; I knew for sure, it hadn't simply ended. In fact, like the Anderson shelter still there in 1966 at our grammar school, beached up like some white whale next to the empty building where we held our seances, memories are often out of bounds. Memory isn't a lane we wander down; it's a sea we swim in, and the backwash of the past leaves its own tidemark.

As the accounts of 1939 start to flood in, anniversaries can provoke a parody of remembrance. Public history and private memory are so frequently out of kilter that naming dates defeats their own object. Instead of conjuring up a past, anniversaries repel it, channelling the overflow of the years into this or that day.

The war we officially remembered was the Great War. Remembrance Day itself, Armistice, it was that war which had dates, places and soldiers in it, "up to their necks in muck and bullets", not the second. A war of real names, Passchendaele, Somme, Bapaume, unpronounceable but sad-sounding, like the roll-call on local walls where you always looked for your own. I watched through my fingers (how old?) as a TV camera panned across documentary footage of the trenches, to crawl down a muddy tunnel and confront a skeleton in uniform hunched in a dugout. Later, all battlefields were to look like Flanders.

Soldiers didn't feature very much in my own family. Only sailors, who seemed somehow less bloody, and more smiling—Jack tars, matelots, marines—boys more obviously from back home, caps less sinister than helmets. Sailors weren't linked to torpedos—their element was the seaside, a stroll along that other kind of "front."

Even my father, who was in the army, had "only" been a military policeman; his stories were all jokes about jeeps and melons; the Middle East meant photographs of his motorbike, and his Alsatian dog ("Aloof")—and teaching me to count up to ten in Arabic. It had no more to do with the fighting than the satin sheath with the mandarin collar an aunt brought back from Singapore, which I inherited for dressing up; and the life-sized Koala Bear in their front room whose leather paws were my idea of heaven.

My father, watched old haunts burning, impressing on me images of bodies he should not have seen

Fragments from far-off, like holiday souvenirs and not the spoils of war. The real battles had gone on at home, though stories only got grimmer as I grew. My father, just a boy, firewatching, all his old haunts burning, impressing on me images of bodies he should not have seen; my mother, an abused evacuee, told it piecemeal over the years.

Mine was a whole generation of infant listeners who grew up steeped in the folklore of the Blitz: of Mrs B who rushed out during an air-raid, leaving her teeth in soak, got back to find the house flattened and her choppers, still there, grinning at her; of sudden changes of mind that meant survival—*Laurel and Hardy* at the Alhambra instead of the *Krazy Gang* at the Palace—"all the two and sixpennies went up in smoke"; of Ida Turner or June Bailey dyeing her hair when the sirens went and ending up cerise pink, not auburn, for the duration. These were our epics, comically on the knife-edge of horror, not tales of martial prowess, told time and again to children who were never there.

If I had been a boy, it might have been different. I might have built model airplanes, known the names of generals and sought out bits of uniform to keep. I'd have learnt earlier the facts that I learnt later, envied exploits of the sort that *Victor* carried every week. And I'd have been a parachutist not an under-cover agent, when we chose parts in the playground. Maybe. Even so, there are some things bigger than boyhood. Out along our common stretched a line of memorials—Balaclava, Inkermann, Ypres, Dunkirk—to me, they were so many indistinguishable crosses, anchors, bells tolling to the same war and the same men.

When we sang songs, I never knew which war was which because it didn't matter: "Goodbye Dolly, I must leave you", as familiar as knowing that it was a long way, to Tipperary. The Siegfried line with its washing, as intimate and as remote as bluebirds over the Dover cliffs; Picardy and Piccadilly blurred into one. All merged into that melancholy strain of loss, at the end of the evening, when the grown-ups grew maudlin and weary: "When this crazy war is over, oh, how happy we shall be." Which war, and when? These were songs about parting and reunion, not about fighting. Like the requests for *Family Favourites* played loud every Sunday, Jean Metcalfe's soft tones calling Cologne and Hong Kong, so many talismans against separation, against being stranded in the land of "BFPO".

To me it was a continuum. Not the pre- and postwar which historians are so fond of but a long line of Saturday teas and Sunday best, stretching back as far as my grandmother. It was her life and not the nation's that bounded my sense of the past. Something essentially undisturbed which carried on working, just like the women. Like many families, it was the miraculous continuities, not the traumas of disruption which we hallowed. What was left of the past and went on, just the same, after the war, that made "getting back to normal" more desirable, and more impossible, than change. What dates were these, and on which maps?

And I still don't know where my family's war took place. It certainly made too much present of a few years past, but we all knew the future would be just like looking back: we could all meet again, couldn't we, in some endless sing-song? My darling, just you wait and see.

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SHORT STORY

Esther

Frank Gambino

"You are obviously a sensitive man." She came to see him for the first time one afternoon to discuss the possibility of taking a master's degree under his supervision, and this is what she said to him. Turning Esther Wilson down was not really an option, his department head implied. So Ray Ford

Hanif Kureishi is author of the films "My Beautiful Laundrette" and "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid". His first novel, "The Buddha of Suburbia", will be published next year by Faber.

Coming soon: a new short story by Jenny Diski

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simply turned, in his mind, against her. He would be cool with her. And why not? She was clearly well connected; her husband gave generously to the university, or something in that line. Dinner parties had to be involved—they always were. Privilege had not passed her by; surely she didn't require being liked by him as well?

Esther was in her middle fifties, but now, when women in their sixties were wearing track-suits and taking up windsurfing, she seemed older. She wore the sort of shoes women pruned roses in, and blouses, cardigans, and tweed skirts, all expensive, well made, and exquisitely undistinguished. Her clothes didn't seem to agree with her; they misrepresented her. They looked as if, in a shop, she didn't quite know what to buy, perhaps because she didn't know who she was. He laughed at this projection; he was like this, he knew.

She was alert, she spoke quietly, she was self-deprecating. Off she went, feeling her way into understanding, leaning forward, fist clenched, and then she withdrew, just in case. "But perhaps I'm wrong, perhaps I'm hopelessly off the mark."

"Perhaps you are."

"Yes, I'm sure I am."

This was her manner, not her character. Still, it irritated him: he wondered if older women developed this trait of caution so as not to seem too irritatingly certain of things. Certainty would be the domain of their husbands.

But in Esther self-doubt and self-questioning were not a weakness; they were a passion, they distinguished her. Ray preferred this to the behaviour of middle-aged, middle-class women who returned to university when their children left home and who shouted out self-important questions at his lectures and went to dances as if they were 18.

Ray was in his early forties and immature. How could he not be if he couldn't get his hands and feelings to stick to any woman, even though he'd advertised in *Time Out*? He'd begun to think women were shallow to set such store by appearances. He'd arranged to meet one woman in a pub he knew to be badly lit. He arrived early, bought a bottle of wine, and set down two glasses, so that she didn't have to see him walk to the bar. As they drank, they fed each other questions on the mutual interests they'd corresponded about, the theatre and Graham Greene. And he wondered if this was the woman he'd spend the rest of his life with—until she excused herself and never returned. The other women had been lacking in the mental area. Young women students turned him into a lecher. As they fled, he pursued, all hands, until he hated them.

But at least with the young women undergraduates he could flirt; he could patronise and show off. He could sit smoking in his airless, modern college room, looking out on the London traffic, his poor feet up on a chair, *Blonde on Blonde* playing as he lectured on American literature of the 1960s. They had to call him Doctor. But Esther called him Ray from the beginning. To contain her growing interest in him, he needed to be formal. She wanted to be easy.

Esther wasn't discouraged by Ray's polite indifference. She began to go to his undergraduate lectures on Lawrence and Joyce and even Orton, writers not on the syllabus when she'd been at Oxford. After the lecture, as he crookedly propelled himself on crutches to the lift (he'd had arthritis as a child, which had slowed his growing as well as hampered his walking), she would accompany him, but diffidently, making gentle jokes, holding her books and papers in her arms, and carrying his lecture notes, too, as he swung and grunted in effort, a real Gregor Samsa. And the young students rushed off past them to the bar, to the common rooms, to take drugs and have sex, which is what he wished he were doing.

Over the years he had heard students calling him Quasimodo, and the Cripple, and he laughed at their innocent cruelty. Esther's sympathy was far worse. Esther, with inquiring kind eyes that rarely left his swollen face, saw the physical pain that never, for a minute, left him alone. He had reason to suspect that she saw the need and longing, the distorted emotional life, vitiated by shame and rejection and physical isolation. She would know, surely, exactly how much people need to be touched!

> *'He couldn't get his hands and feelings to stick to a woman, though he'd put ads in Time Out'*

Soon she was always in his room, making him tea properly in a pot, buying him a tea strainer and two pretty bone-china cups. She brought florentines from a bakery in South Kensington, and he ate them eagerly, like a schoolboy, two or three in a session. She had come to university to talk, to inquire into every damn thing, to know other people—him!—intensely, intimately again.

"Tell me . . . do you—it may be an impertinent question—"

"No, no, I'm sure it's not. Please—"

"All right, Ray . . ." She sipped her tea, put her head to one side. She was small and delicate and determined to know and feel.

"Have your feelings toward your students changed over the years?"

"Yes."

"Is it confusing?"

How could he explain? She always asked the right and yet wrong questions, the most tormenting. In the old days he provided the dope the students smoked; they came to his flat, they watched movies together. Once he'd been in a pornographic film some of them had shot, a sub-Warhol effort called *Camden Girls*, in which he played a naked dwarf who carried drinks on a silver tray to the young copulating students. But slowly they'd come to bore him. Esther Wilson, virtually an old woman, was informed about theatre, film, television, ideas. If he mentioned that a certain newspaper had deteriorated, she would know how this had happened. "Oh, yes, terrible, and the editor, Jonathan—we do know him a bit—is very much aware of the proprietor. Thinks he can resist him. Can you imagine?"

Esther read Ray's essay on Wilkie Collins, published in an academic journal. One afternoon, on an impulse, as she sat opposite him in his room and showed no sign of wanting to leave, he gave her the first draft of his book on Dickens, which she immediately took to the library. She knew how to read, which was a rare talent, as difficult as carpentry. He waited nervously for two days. On her triumphant return she gave him line-by-line criticism. The early evening they spent together in a wine bar nearby. He told her about his illness, how very sick he'd been for so long at school, and how hard he'd worked to develop his mind (he was proud of his head, he told her), and how the library was his gymnasium until he'd been adjudged brilliant and awarded the first job he applied for.

After this, when they parted regretfully, with volumes still to say, he didn't want to be alone, so he drove to south London, where he visited his parents, who still lived in the terraced house he had been brought up in. He and his father discussed horse racing, and Trollope. His mother, wearing a pink housecoat, did his washing. They were cheerful but seemed old. They worried too much, and seeing them living a life of total habit made him long for more life.

He went round the corner in the rain and had fish and chips for supper, not wanting to ask his mother to cook him something. At ten he visited a prostitute, a fleshy, hippy woman who imagined he liked listening to Leonard Cohen when they had sex. She was right in one sense: the music did delay his climax. Unfortunately, her bed, a mattress, was on the floor, and once he got down on to it, he couldn't get up again. When she returned from the bathroom, expecting to see him ready to leave, he was flailing on his back like an overturned beetle, still in his shirt, for he refused to let her see his body.

He went home and sat in his room, memorising his daily poem. Loneliness washed over him like a freezing sea. Must he always suffer this disjunction between mind and body, intellect and feeling?

One day Esther invited him to a matinee of *The Beggar's Opera*, at the National Theatre. He couldn't think of any reason not to go, but he knew that somehow the invitation would lead to trouble. Esther told him about herself for the first time. Her husband, she said hesitantly, was the Conservative MP Walter Wilson, a junior minister in the Thatcher government, a handsome, clever man on his way up, known for his glamour and his right-wing views. Thatcher liked him, he would go far. Wilson wasn't in the suburban wing of the

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party either, among the sort who read Wilbur Smith novels on holiday. He was cultured, witty. At one time, in the sixties, he'd been a journalist in Washington.

Esther was grander than Ray had thought. Why hadn't she told him all this before? Did she think he'd be repelled by it? Or did she want to be seen, quite rightly, as completely separate from her husband?

Whatever the reason, Ray reminded himself, you shouldn't personalise politics. Yet on the way home, after she'd told him about her husband, he repeated to himself a phrase often used at Cambridge in the sixties: "objective class enemy."

"Although Walter is a politician," Esther said, as they walked slowly along the Embankment, "he knows a lot of people in other fields. He loathes talking politics; it bores him stiff." Then she stopped and said, "We thought you might like to come and have dinner one evening. Would you?" She paused again, as if she understood how complicated this could be for him. "Don't reply now. Just let me know on Monday. But I would like it very much if you did come." Ray was flattered by the invitation. He wanted to pursue this; he was excited. But he didn't want to conceal his views for the sake of a meal and a glimpse at people he'd only read about.

That weekend he felt he should discuss it with two ex-students. They were among his closest friends. One lived in a filthy studio and worked in a bookshop; he was unambitious and contemptuous of the straight world. The other was a drug dealer to the rich who wanted only enough money to build a gargantuan record collection. Ray had taught them both; they still read (Hunter S Thompson and Coleridge), but they did nothing. "You're just elitist drifters!" he said, losing his temper. They couldn't see his dilemma over Esther's dinner invitation. All those people were "boring, fascist, decadent". He should, they said, go to the Wilsons' house and crap in their beds—maybe then they'd see what it is to be hated.

Ray had a bath, which was a considerable effort, and put himself into his beige Yves Saint Laurent suit, the only decent clothes he had. He hoped the evening would be worth the supreme effort.

The Wilsons' flat was in a quiet street off the King's Road; they also had a house outside Cambridge. At the door Esther kissed Ray and patted his hand. This was the first time they had touched. He noticed she was wearing scent, and pearl earrings. Her arms were bare, thin and veined, almost transparent. The flat was full of old things: the books were leather-bound, and there were rugs and antique tables and candlesticks. It was a gloomy place. He hated ornaments. Naturally he was the first to arrive, being stupid enough to get there on time. Then Esther disappeared for ages and Ray heard the clock ticking as he sat there on the hard chair she had provided. Otherwise all was silent. Noise and other people were what money sealed you off from.

Walter Wilson burst in with one arm outstretched, as if the arm were pulling him along. He was a large, confident, powerful man, who

Frank Gambino

quickly poured drinks and said how pleased he was—and he looked pleased. He said he liked Wilkie Collins, education was better appreciated when you were older, and not to worry if he suddenly left the flat—he might have to go and vote in the House of Commons. Ray saw how much more energy Wilson had than anyone else he knew; this man was like an athlete among weekend exercisers.

Other people arrived, four couples in all, including a journalist called Robert Mansfield whom Ray had once admired so much that he bought a weekly paper just to read his column. Mansfield had turned to the right in the late seventies and repudiated his former opinions. Now he was pompous and had a face the colour of boiled ham. Ray began to panic. He kept spilling things in his lap. He didn't want to speak to this man, whatever happened.

At dinner Esther placed Ray between herself and a fair-haired gay man of about his age, a Ronald Firbank enthusiast who worked for a literary paper. Pierre Carter was obviously more Esther's friend than Walter's. Ray wondered if she unconsciously chose male friends who couldn't threaten Walter. "Walter's always trying to introduce me to girls," Carter said. "Walter can't believe that everyone can't be like him. By the way, Esther, I met an estate agent today who made me realise exactly what Proudhon meant when he wrote 'property is theft'. In Vietnam it's the Year of the Cat, or Earwig, or whatever. Here it's the Year of the Estate Agent, isn't it?"

Ray enjoyed himself listening to Pierre. At the university he didn't run up against much charm, not this effort to entertain, not these wild stories about people he'd heard of—publishers and writers. He could cheerfully have listened for hours, even though things he considered valuable were mocked and he kept being made to feel that nothing mattered, not literature, not ideas, not objectivity, only jokes and the saying of clever things.

Still, the evening would soon be over, time was passing without mishap. Or at least it seemed to be, until Ray noticed a disturbance at the other end of the table. Robert Mansfield—a man who'd excoriated Harold Wilson over Vietnam and ripped into Alec Douglas-Home and then later claimed that the day Margaret Thatcher became Prime Minister was the happiest day of his life—was having a vociferous conversation with Walter Wilson, and the discussion was rolling down the table like a storm, blowing the heads of the guests from side to side.

"Now, take the sixties, if you want to take the blasted sixties," Mansfield was saying. "They were the truly wasted years, weren't they? What an age of puerile and harmful illusions! What utter idiots and vapid cranks the ordure of 'liberation' fertilised. Buckminster Fúller, Marshall McLuhan—"

Wilson intervened. "Fanon," he said firmly. "Marcuse. Malcolm X—"

"R D Laing."

"R D Laing, exactly. Szasz. Schumacher." It became a game. They searched out the names of fools and spat them out and laughed. "And

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who reads them now?" Mansfield said. "What have they contributed?"

"Nothing," Wilson agreed. "Bloody fools."

"If these people were such fools, why was their influence so deeply felt?" Pierre asked.

"Sartre," Mansfield added.

"A mind like an African desert," Wilson said.

Esther nodded at Pierre and then looked at her husband for the first time that evening. Ray noticed that her colour was high: she was defiant, hopeful, pleased. Walter must have made her very angry over the years. Then Ray saw that Walter was staring at him.

"What's your view?" Wilson asked, challenging. Perhaps it was like this in the House of Commons. People asked you simple questions that required complicated replies and then glared at you as if your life depended on the answer. "You must have been around then, Ray," Wilson said.

"Yes, I was at Cambridge in '68."

Robert Mansfield was watching him too. "In the eye of the storm, eh?" Mansfield said. "So tell us—tell us what you think now."

Ray stopped eating. He wasn't enjoying the food as he thought he would; he couldn't concentrate on it.

"Things needed shaking up," he said. "They really did." The table fell silent. Plainly, this wasn't enough. Even Esther expected more. Given his education, his position, his being here at the table at all, surely he could come up with more than "Things needed shaking up."

"The times were more exciting then, intellectually, than they are now. The thinkers you mentioned—disparaged—they were opening up new areas of inquiry."

"Rubbish," Mansfield said. "Thank God we've flung out those cranks and redefined freedom. As if freedom were license and emotion and something called self-expression."

"It was a romantic time—"

"Don't—"

"But—"

"Don't, I said, don't you dare insult Wordsworth!" Mansfield shouted. "You should know better, Doctor!"

The conversation turned to the topic of freedom. Ray's opinion was not sought on this subject.

The next time he saw Esther, she said, "I hope it wasn't too awful."

"No, it wasn't," he said. It was true. That day, directing the students in an Ionesco play, he'd walked out, bored by them.

The conversation at Esther's that night had stimulated him. How long was it since he'd examined his beliefs? What was socialism to him? Did he still believe in equality? What was the relation between his ideas and the way he behaved? He spent several evenings writing down only what he honestly thought and felt. He told Esther this, and she seemed pleased. Still, the two of them had never discussed politics, and she changed the subject.

"By the way, Pierre wants to know if you'd review a book for them."

"Yes, of course," Ray said immediately. "It'll be an honour." This thrilled him more than he could say. He liked being an academic, but more than anything, he'd wanted to be part of the London literary world, writing reviews and articles and perhaps one day having a column of his own. Maybe now, with Esther's help, he was on his way. He wrote the review immediately—they were surprised by his speed—and within a few weeks it was published and he was asked to do another. To thank Esther he took her out to dinner.

He started to talk about how much difficulty he had meeting women of his "age, size, and sensibility". This was the hardest thing in his concealed life to talk about, and he'd longed to broach it, but now, just when he got started, Esther interrupted.

> *'For God's sake. He didn't want his mind full of these people's lives, their genitals, their self-inflicted problems'*

"Ray, I shouldn't be talking about this. I haven't told anyone, but you're a friend, I know. Walter has been having an affair with the woman who's been his assistant for some years. It is a common occurrence; many MPs, many men of his age, do the same, and normally I wouldn't bore you with it. But now he tells me he wants to part from the woman. Only she is threatening suicide. He spends hours speaking to her on the phone every night. He really wants to disengage himself, but the conversation always returns to one thing. He goes back to her or she ends her life."

Ray took Esther home and went in for a whisky. At eleven o'clock Walter came home, and he sat with Ray. Esther left them to talk. Walter was gentler tonight, and attentive. He talked about the Tory Party and how it worked; he asked Ray questions about structuralism—what it was, exactly—and pondered the replies. With an expensive mechanical pencil he made a note of books Ray recommended. Ray felt himself being seduced by this important, thinking man. Walter now wasn't just another man who picked women up and threw them down when he'd finished with them: he was tragic, he followed his impulses to the end, he had much to give and a hunger for life. The telephone rang. Esther came in to the room to tell Walter it was for him, and Ray went home.

A few days later Esther missed Ray's lecture but came to see him after, in his room. "I went to see Walter's mistress, Kate," she said. "Well. She was wearing a dressing gown. She'd been drinking. She was in a state. She told me that during the five years of their affair Walter promised on several occasions to divorce me and marry her. She became pregnant last year, and Walter insisted she have an abortion, saying the time wasn't right for them to have children. Now she is forty and wonders if the time may have passed. I think she is a decent woman, kind and sensitive."

"She will eventually recover, don't you think?" Ray said. "Not that I'd know anything about it. But I've read that people do, eventually, pull through."

Esther wasn't listening. "Walter has led her a dance. She was of use to him when he was writing his book. She supported him when he lost his nerve as a politician—something that happens frequently, I can tell you. She has obviously given him her heart and he has shown her the door."

"Esther, are you going to be all right?"

"Meeting her distressed me. It has made Walter seem callous, hard, distant. When someone tells you they love you, they must, I think, open their heart, and he has often said he loved me. The word *love* implies an absolute giving, doesn't it? And when you find they have not given you their heart but concealed a large part of their life from you, you feel pitied." Esther sobbed. Ray felt useless and irritated. How had he got dragged into all this? What could he be expected to do or say?

Esther got up. But as soon as she was on her feet, her legs went and she fell over, there in his small room with the windows you couldn't open. She fell on to her knees, her hand snatching down photographs and postcards he had stuck to the wall. Then she went forward on to her face.

Ray, on one crutch, went to her as she lay there shaking. Loosen the clothing, he thought. He fiddled with the top of Esther's cardigan. "Nothing human is alien to me," he repeated. To get away while seeming to be effective, he hurried up the deserted corridor to the water fountain. When he returned, Esther had moved; she was trying to sit up. As she did so, she waved at something across the room. Yes, she was pointing at the wastepaper basket. He handed her the heavy metal bucket as it was, half full of the screwed-up paper he'd been writing his latest review on. She vomited with three involuntary barks, ejecting a rush of thin and surprisingly dark soup that found its way to the bottom of the bucket, where it discovered a hole through which it seeped. He'd have to clean it up. But how? No—he'd leave the bucket outside for the cleaner. Not his job to clean things up. He was employed to think.

"I feel better now."

He drove Esther home. For three weeks he didn't hear from her. He didn't ring and she didn't appear at tutorials. He imagined that things were sorting themselves out and life would return to normal. All the same, he found himself becoming angry with her. For God's sake, he didn't want his mind full of these people's lives, their genitals, their self-inflicted problems! England was teeming with people suffering because of this government, people in

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bad housing, the unemployed, children in rotten schools. He started to despise Esther, and resented the weakness of his involvement with her. At the same time, this was something he wanted to discuss with her. It was in the evenings that he missed her the most—not that he had ever seen her often after six. It was that he missed having talked to her during the day, and by evening his mind was crammed with things he felt she should know.

Three weeks later, quite unexpectedly, she came to see him again. She hadn't brought her books with her, nor had she brought cakes; this was a different age. She sat down and looked directly at him. She was in a hurry.

"How are you, Ray?"

"Yes, fine. And you?"

"I'm so ashamed. I haven't done a stroke of work."

"You have time, Esther. You always tell me to take time with my work."

"Yes, you should. Some terrible things have happened, you know."

"Yes?"

But he thought: they are terrible to you, who have nothing more important than the intricacies of human relationships to think about. He didn't say this.

"Walter's friend, Kate—"

"Yes, how is she? Coming round?"

"She died. She committed suicide."

"She actually did it?" he said stupidly, but she didn't notice his stupidity.

"We heard nothing from her for a few days, which was unusual, since she rang frantically every night. Walter had given her the name of a psychiatrist he thought she might go to. Then her sister rang to say she'd found Kate dead. She'd been dead for 36 hours. The family is very bitter. They blame Walter."

Ray and Esther walked in Green Park until dark. The effort exhausted him. His whole body ached, but he couldn't complain. He thought constantly of the woman Kate and of the difficulty and seriousness of loving.

That night Ray was tired, but he dragged himself to supper with some ex-Cambridge friends. He shouldn't have gone, but how could he have known the day's events would stir him up so much?

He had three friends to whom, along with their three wives and five children, he was always Uncle Ray. The conversation, relaxed but serious, informed, and elliptical, was about books and television and mutual friends, before it moved inevitably to the Labour Party, its present weakness and how they'd all hated it in the late sixties and had wanted it destroyed to allow a revolutionary party of the working class to emerge. Now they wanted the Labour Party back in power in almost any form. They discussed the universities, the cuts in funding, the lack of belief in objective research and scholarship. More rich American students would be treating the universities like finishing schools. Little, it seemed, could be done as the age slipped into philistinism. People like themselves were not required, Ray realised. "We're misguided jokes," someone said. "Highly educated and capable and yet totally irrelevant." The children slept in the bedrooms; the grown-ups drank cognac. At the weekend they would take the children swimming and have a picnic. You retreated into private satisfactions, into families. What you believed politically was a matter of words, perhaps of feeling—anger—but never of action.

Ray was drunk when he got home, and he knocked a bookcase over with his crutch. Once again he was alone; no one knew where he was or what he was doing. His existence was not recorded in any other human mind, except perhaps Esther's. He sat at his typewriter and inserted four pieces of paper into the machine, with ancient carbon paper between the sheets.

He wrote the letter three times like this, not wanting to risk photocopying. At four in the morning he finished and went out to post the letters. He had to post them immediately: in a few hours his fury, his courage, would evaporate. A policeman asked him if everything was all right. Ray told him he was an insomniac.

The letters were addressed to the prime minister and to the editors of three newspapers. They disclosed the facts about Walter Wilson and the suicide of his mistress. Ray had included a lot of detail, so that they would take him seriously. Here it was, then, a mere letter written by him. How could such a thing damage a government?

But the story did come out. Predictably, the

'Once again he was alone; no one knew where he was or what he was doing. His existence was not recorded in any other human mind'

papers were cautious at first. Wilson's "assistant" had committed suicide. Then, a day later, Kate's family spoke to the press, confirming the affair and revealing Wilson's numerous promises and deceptions. The story got on to the front pages. It would run for a while. Damage would be done.

At college Ray discussed the scandal with friends and colleagues. He wanted to tell people what he'd done, that all this embarrassment was due to his initiative, but he had to suppress this wish.

He read the papers and watched all the television news programmes. After the first few days of revelations and references to "Wilson's recent suicide love", followed by "No comment" from the MP, Wilson and his friends fought back, smearing the dead woman. She was promiscuous (a list of boyfriends appeared), perhaps drugs were involved; mental illness was certainly a factor. Wilson, apparently, was going to get away with it; after all, wasn't he just a normal full-blooded man?

Then the sister went on television. Kate's sister was soft-featured, with rosy cheeks; she was nervous and middle-class. Ray knew immediately that the public would believe her before a smooth-chopped politician. Wilson's ease and confidence before the cameras and press didn't help him now; it made him seem shallow and uncaring. The sister read her statement, saying how Kate had loved Wilson, trusted him, been faithful to him, and how he had left her, driving her to despair. She produced a letter from Wilson that confirmed these things. This finished him. He resigned. He went away.

Ray woke up one day six months later to find he'd lost interest in the whole thing. He didn't want to hear another word about it. It had nothing to do with him anymore. It wasn't even particularly important. He wanted to write a book.

But one afternoon he heard a tap at his door, and Esther Wilson came in. She'd brought a chocolate cake, and she cut him a large piece. He was surprised by how unchanged she seemed, how cheerful she was. They groaned with pleasure over the cake. She asked him how the pain in his leg was, and how the reviewing was going. He concluded that she had no idea of his involvement in the scandal.

"Walter blames me for ruining his life," she said, "for visiting Kate and saying that her persisting with him was pointless. I left her bereft of hope, he says. He is a difficult man to live with, Ray, I can tell you."

Ray felt she was understating.

"Will you take me to the theatre?" she asked.

"Yes."

"On Thursday?"

He wondered how he'd be able to keep his mouth shut about what he'd done, but he pushed the event into a corner of his mind. After the theatre he went to visit the prostitute again. She was stoned and it was late—no other clients would come tonight and she was in no hurry for him to leave. She kept calling him a friend. "Now we're friends," she said, and gave him a thin joint without tobacco. He didn't feel like explaining that that wasn't what friendship was. They lay there on a busted mattress in a shabby south London basement with the sound of footsteps just above their heads, and he thought of death and how, while you were still alive, you had to try to love other people in whatever way you could. He thought of Esther. She'd liked him, she'd listened to him, responded to him, loved him. He supposed they would carry on being friends. He knew he wanted that.

He pulled himself up into a sitting position. The woman stirred but continued to lie there, naked, on her back, staring at the ceiling. The bed stank of cigarettes, and she smelled of petunia.

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Tests of endurance

Next week, primary teachers return to a new set of tasks and burdens. Ken Jones appraises Kenneth Baker's legacy of change

Sunil Gupta/Network

September will be a hard month for primary teachers in England and Wales. From this term, infants of five years will follow the national curriculum in maths, science and English. Teachers have the job of translating into classroom practice the "attainment targets" and "programmes of study" devised by national working parties, and approved by former education secretary Kenneth Baker.

They have had only a few months to digest the proposals. In-service training has been rudimentary. The systems of testing which will assess their work have not yet been designed. When, eventually, they are drawn up, a teacher of infant children can look forward to testing and recording no fewer than 33 different types of pupil attainment in maths, science and English

Thanks to the Baker reforms, schools are changing faster than ever

alone. In most areas, time in school hours for discussing and planning these changes will be non-existent. The School Inspectorate hopes that soon primary teachers will spend 10 per cent of their week on non-teaching activities. For most—especially in the areas where teacher shortage is now endemic—this hope is unlikely to be fulfilled.

Other staff will share this experience. Secondary teachers of maths and science to some extent already do: 11 year olds begin the national curriculum in these subjects this term. By 1994, all secondary students will have studies within the curriculum in English, maths, science and technology. By 1997, the whole system will be in place.

The national curriculum is the centrepiece, and now the least controversial element, of the whole project of Conservative educational change. Once, it was feared as the weapon the right would use to force on schools its ideas of tradition, standards, culture and nation. It has not turned out like that. Although inhibited by pressures from the right, as the history report's emphasis on British events showed, the subject working groups have so far reflected enlightened professional opinion. Subjects are defined in broad terms; teaching methods and materials are not prescribed; developing the student's powers of inquiry is just as important as conveying a body of fact. The think-tanks of the right see all this as a betrayal. For them, Baker's legacy embodies the victory of the special interests of educators over the wisdom of tradition and the requirements of authority.

It is better seen as a compromise, made from a position of strength, that both realises the emptiness of the right's own ideas about teaching and learning, and wishes to convert progressive critics of change into the functionaries of reform. Baker has taken a few long strides towards establishing a Conservative hegemony. Hegemony, after all, does not depend so much on the crushing of alternative ideas. It rests on the belief of those who hold them that progress is only possible within the framework made by those who set the rules. And the rules are by now clear enough: curriculum reform will be implemented from the top, with none of those egalitarian impulses that marked earlier periods of change. The direction of initiative, encouragement and funding leads entirely away from them.

Already, Conservatives have set in motion the most intensive effort of curriculum change in 50 years, and enlisted backing for it. They can claim to be achieving that uniformity of purpose that the creators of comprehensive schools could only dream of: expectations will be higher; teachers more productive; the best practice of a few schools generalised to all.

Will the system work? There are several reasons for doubting it. Sceptics wonder whether a project based so firmly on testing, and on values remote from the lives of many students, can really succeed in solving historic problems of under-achievement. Other problems are already evident from the experience of primary teachers. The careful planning in the working group reports occurs against a

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background of under-investment and general planlessness. From this perspective, the national curriculum appears less as the cornerstone of lasting change, than as an isolated example of purpose in a landscape shaped by neglect.

Over the past year, reports from the Inspectorate, from the CBI, and from Parliamentary Select Committees have again underlined the consequences of planlessness. For many students, education starts too late—at five—and finishes too soon. Lack of investment in resources shows itself most dramatically in the teacher shortage. Too few teachers are trained, and too many leave teaching: 40 per cent of new teachers will leave within five years. In particular regions, especially the south-east, in particular subjects, like maths, science and technology, and in primary education generally, teacher shortage is chronic and crippling.

The programme of reforms that includes the national curriculum represents top-down change with a vengeance. It aims to transform the beliefs and behaviour not only of students, but of teachers. They must become a different

"Depression has settled over many staffrooms, with frantic activity accompanied by alienation"

kind of workforce: more closely managed; less unionised; harder-working; economical. This premise has led to the abolition of negotiating rights, the rewriting of contracts and the coming introduction of teacher appraisal.

With such changes comes a loss of educational initiative. Teachers will play a great part in the *implementation* of change, but virtually none in its devising. Although much is expected of them, their involvement in decisions about policies and resources is less than before, while their capacity for self-defence through union militancy has been eroded. A state of depression has settled over many staffrooms, with frantic activity accompanied by a strong sense of alienation. It makes the working lives of teachers less than enjoyable. But it is also a problem for government.

The national curriculum envisages an active role for the teacher. She or he will encourage the enquiries of students, devise new schemes of work that assimilate the "programmes of study", and attend to student experience. Yet government policy on pay, conditions and teacher involvement works against participation. It threatens to provoke a withholding of full commitment, a quiet "performance strike" among teachers, that will undermine the whole enterprise of curriculum reform.

Against rising discontent, it will not be easy for the Tories to consolidate the new order in education. Whether this unease can fuel the creation of popular alternatives remains an all too open question.

Ken Jones teaches in east London and is the author of "Right Turn: the Conservative Revolution in Education" (Radius)

Welfare Watch

Paper flowers

Tony Lynes praises the new range of benefits publicity

Only a few years ago, nobody in their senses, if asked where to get information about social security benefits, would have said: "Try the DHSS." The information produced by the department then consisted of a vast series of leaflets, printed on the kind of paper used for toilet rolls during the war, each explaining one small aspect of the system with meticulous precision and in terms which the average claimant would find incomprehensible. Millions of them were issued, to lie in unused piles in social security offices and post offices.

The recent publication of the basic benefit guide *Which benefit?* in Chinese, Urdu, Bengali, Hindi, Punjabi, Gujerati and Turkish is symbolic of a change in both attitude and output since then. There have been aberrations along the way, like the appallingly biased set of leaflets publicising the Fowler reforms and the long delays involved in obtaining leaflets from the DSS distribution unit at Stanmore. Simplification, too, has its dangers, illustrated by the inaccurate leaflet about the new pensioner premium. But the impression given by the new generation of DSS leaflets is that they are well written, attractively presented and aimed at a clearly defined readership—targeting at its best.

The series of leaflets with the code FB is especially useful, each one aimed at a particular category of claimants—among others, parents (FB26), school leavers and students (FB23). FB27, for instance, tells parents not only about child benefit and family credit but also about maternity and widows' benefit, benefits for disabled children, housing benefit, income support and the social fund. And for those who want more detailed information about particular benefits, each FB leaflet contains a list of old-style single-subject leaflets and an order form.

Then there are the technical guides aimed mainly at advisers. These booklets run to 100 pages or more of detailed information. Descendants of the pre-1988 supplementary benefit handbook, they now cover income support (SB20), family credit (NI261), benefits (NP45), maternity benefits (NI17A), disability benefits (HB5) and the appeal machinery (NI260). In the same series, *What to do after a death* (D49) provides an invaluable step-by-step guide covering much more than social security.

The social fund guide should be used with caution, since it consistently understates the discretionary powers of social fund officers and, as the social fund commissioner recently complained, does not mention the right to a review by an inspector. With this exception, the guides are generally accurate and as free of jargon as the subject allows. If you want straight answers to technical questions about the benefits maze, they will usually supply them. And, amazingly, you can get them free from the local DSS office.

Health

Sick headache

Private firms may catch cold from NHS reforms, says Julian Dobson

Restrained smiles are the order of the day in the boardrooms of Britain's private health companies. Pleased as market-leader BUPA and its colleagues are by the publication of the NHS white paper, unfettered glee is missing. In fact, the prospect of competing with a commercialised health service is giving them pause.

Not that activity in the private health market is slowing down. BUPA, the market leader, opens a new hospital in Leeds today (1 September). It recently announced its acquisition for £92 million of the ten hospitals and seven nursing homes run by Hospital Corporation of America. But nobody knows how long expansion can continue. Competition with self-governing hospitals will not work in private companies' favour unless they too can keep costs to a minimum.

The government's moves towards an internal market in the NHS, with self-governing hospitals and the private sector fighting for patients, have been welcomed by private hospital companies. But they insist all costs—including the value of fixed assets—should be taken into account so the NHS does not benefit from economies of scale. In its response to the white paper, the Independent Hospitals Association (IHA) insists that competition must be subject to all the vagaries of the market.

Self-governing hospitals "should not be able to assume that they will win contracts for all the services they presently provide". If they go bust, says the association, their assets should not revert to the NHS.

The costing of every treatment for every patient is the way the free-for-all will be regulated. Information systems already operate at six pilot sites through the government's "resource management initiative", with plans for all 260 general hospitals to follow by 1991 (see *NSS*, "Bungled in Boston", 28 July). In contrast to other critics, the private sector fears change will not come quickly enough to open up the opportunities the white paper promises.

IHA chief executive Tony Byrne comments: "We are a bit suspicious about the cries from all quarters to slow down. We want the government to go full speed ahead to put these structures into place."

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So private medicine is ready to exploit the shake-up an internal market will provide. But it will not necessarily benefit from the reforms. BUPA now has 27 hospitals with 1,393 beds, and insures around three million people. But it says that recent growth has nothing to do with the white paper. That view is reflected by the IHA, which described it as "the inevitable consolidation that's taking place in what's still a young sector of the industry".

AMI Healthcare, whose American parent company is considering selling its 65 per cent stake in the British operation, says the white paper will not change its approach. Finance director Jim Mills-Webb feels that opportunities for the private sector are "more strategic than tactical". The NHS is in a good position to exploit its own 3,000 pay-beds, which could "offer a higher quality of service than might be provided in parts of the private sector". He says more immediate opportunities for private hospitals could be created if health authorities chose to contract out particular treatments.

This is already a flourishing business, with 26,000 NHS operations bought from the private sector in 1988. AMI's Alexandra Hospital in Cheadle, Cheshire, carried out 80 cardiac operations for Clwyd health authority earlier this year. Community Dialysis Services—part of the Priory hospital group—runs a kidney dialysis unit treating NHS patients in Carmarthen.

The uncertain prospects for private health are underlined by the American experience. There, the injection of more competition during the Reagan era neither cut costs nor provided big profits. The proliferation of Health Maintenance Organisations competing for patients' subscriptions resulted in enormous over-capacity. As a result, several HMOs have gone bankrupt, including one of the largest, Maxicare.

BUPA is sitting pretty now, but self-governing hospitals could erode its position

Health policy analyst Geof Rayner, co-author of *Banking on Sickness* (Lawrence & Wishart, 1987) believes increased competition could work against private companies. The potential for self-governing hospitals to make inroads into the private market is high, particularly in London and the south east.

As the white paper sets up a health service imitating the private sector, the risks for private companies will increase. "This isn't really boom time for them," Rayner says. "Only when the internal market is fully functioning can they get in." Even then it would be difficult to take custom away from the NHS: "There's a lot of the NHS market they don't want to get involved in." The service will continue to carry the burden of uninsurable risks such as Aids, senile dementia and mental disorders.

A study for the health union COHSE by Lois Quam, director of research at United Health Care, an HMO in Minneapolis, concludes that American experiments with market forces have foundered. "The competitive strategy failed to overcome the well-known, significant barriers to an optimal market for medical care: namely, the considerable uncertainty in medical care and the inability of buyers effectively to evaluate the quality of service which they purchase," she commented.

The number of patients without health insurance increased, while those still insured were paying more for it. Health costs swallow up 11 per cent of the US gross domestic product, compared to 6 per cent in Britain. Calls for a British-style health service have grown, and last year Massachusetts passed legislation to establish state-wide health coverage.

Volunteers

Active citizens

Farewell Lady Bountiful? Mary-Claire Mason reports

The country's main advice service appears to be deluding itself and the public when it says that "growth hinges on volunteers". The National Association of Citizens Advice Bureaux (NACAB) is marking its golden jubilee with a recruitment drive for more volunteers. There are insufficient recruits to deal with record levels of demand for advice. Eager to promote a picture of a modern competent service, the organisation has represented these workers as the key to expansion. But NACAB should know better. A plethora of problems surrounds the use of volunteers. They become more acute as professional service delivery acquires more importance.

Currently more than 90 per cent of CAB staff are volunteers giving advice to the public. But they don't do 90 per cent of the work. They generally work far fewer hours than their paid counterparts, though many bureaux depend on volunteers to operate a daily service. Nationally, 4,100 inquiries are dealt with every hour of the working week. Problems, such as personal debt, are increasingly complex, and the work demanding and stressful. Yet the organisation claims that all its workers, whether paid or unpaid, can deliver the same professional service.

According to the Centre for Voluntary Organisation at the London School of Economics, recruitment difficulties are linked to the demands placed on volunteers in terms of "training, output and commitment".

And potential trainees, such as the young unemployed graduate and married woman, are being attracted into the employment market. As the Volunteer Centre at Berkhamstead says: "In the present climate doing something for nothing isn't popular."

A research study into the recruitment of CAB volunteers gives more information. NACAB has a turnover problem. One third of new volunteers leave within the first six months. Valuable resources are gobbled up as new workers have to be continually trained and supervised. Turnover can be minimised by understanding what motivates certain groups to volunteer, and then developing marketing strategies to attract them. Some types of people are more stable CAB volunteers than others: for example, married women as opposed to young graduates. One management plan would be to have a core of stable volunteers with high-risk ones at the periphery. This allows for a mixed group of interviewers, most of whom will stay.

Rigorous selection procedures must ensure that the targeted recruits are also the "right people", those able to do the job NACAB wants. This is to deliver a professional service to the

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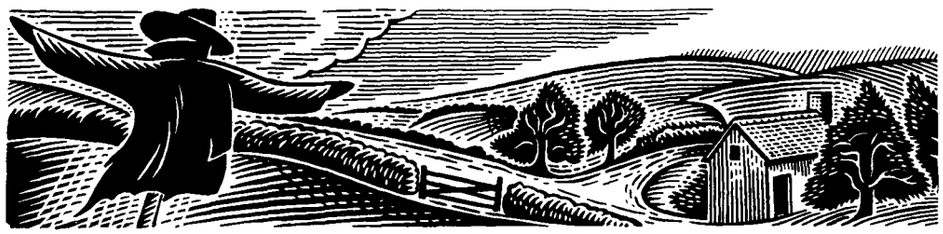
public. More and more, suggests the study, this means getting involved in complex negotiations or representing clients at benefit tribunals. So ever greater demands face the volunteer.

The reality is somewhat different. Another piece of research found that volunteers mainly do simple information work. They don't often get involved in complex cases. When they do, it's because they are heavily supported by paid workers: bureau managers and specialist staff such as welfare rights workers.

One bureau manager found that on his arrival some of the long-serving volunteers left because they weren't prepared to achieve the standards he expected of them. His experience is that young unemployed graduates are the most worthwhile group of volunteers. Though they quickly move on to paid employment, they give a lot of time when unemployed and so become "professional" advice workers more quickly. For this manager the difficulty is not the high turnover of volunteers; it is the short supply of potentially able ones. "The sort we want get paid jobs."

At issue here is the future of volunteer advice workers, given the costs associated with them. Developing an effective recruitment and selection programme takes up management time. Volunteers also need considerable paid-worker support if they are to attempt to give a professional service. And any paid volunteer who can meet the standards NACAB requires is inevitably going to wonder why he or she shouldn't get paid for the job. At some point the organisation has to ask itself whether it would be more sensible to have a mainly paid workforce. NACAB does not discuss this option openly at present. But as the service has developed, paid workers have been seen as essential to provide head office services. Increasingly, full-time salaried bureau managers are the norm. Despite funding problems, the logic of having paid advice workers is powerful. When NACAB has its centenary celebrations, volunteer advice workers may well be a thing of the past.

FRINGE BENEFITS



Colin Ward pushes out his wheelie bin and worries that it caters for his trash habit

Most childhood recollections include the drama of the weekly arrival of the dustmen, humping out the bins with noise and clatter. Current Conservative think-tankers are haunted by the spectre of refuse collectors knocking off at midday and making vast sums by sorting saleable rubbish.

There is no shortage of people anxious to join the refuse team, even though it takes its toll in back troubles because of endlessly heaving heavy loads around. Anyone in the business tells you of the incredible things that householders throw away. Fifteen years ago the London Borough of Lambeth provoked the Totters' Strike by claiming that the material salvaged by the dustmen from the weekly round was in fact stolen from the council.

This was an incredibly shortsighted attitude since the whole problem of waste recovery and the reduction of the terrifying bulk of dumped material is that of making it worth somebody's while to recycle the stuff. In the US, the ultimate throwaway culture, I've stayed in places where it is compulsory for householders to separate metals, paper and glass, and where it is seen as automatic that organic matter should be composted. It is clearly *not* impossible to impose this burden on the disposers of domestic rubbish.

Here in sleepy Suffolk, councils, residents and the local press have been taking sides in the past two years on the issue of introducing wheelie bins. These are wheeled bins with hinged lids in heavy-duty plastic, two-and-a-half times the size of the ordinary kind. They are loaded into specially adapted vehicles with no lifting and carrying.

I've listened to endless debate about it. Some thought, slanderously, that our environment services officer must have been seduced by the makers at some annual sanitary conference. One councillor told me that it was all a ploy to ensure that when current legislation obliges refuse collection to be put out to open tender, only the councils could win. Others complained about the appearance of the Daleks in the narrow streets of ancient local towns.

Brian Allt, a Jeremiah from Sudbury, raises an ominous question, "Just wait until they have been in general use for a year or two. What are the collectors supposed to do when the wheels come off? Will the contract with the supplier make him liable for running repairs, or for injuries to collectors or householders who have had to try and lift them?" And the council, which expected the wheelies to cost £20 for each household, actually had to pay £24.95. One councillor argued that the bin manufacturers were operating a cartel. On the other hand it was claimed that in a town like Ipswich the change will save £100,000 a year.

In an effort to popularise their introduction the council lent bins to the villagers of Kersey last August Bank Holiday to organise the first National Open Invitation Wheelie Bin Race, a test of skill over a variety of terrain including a water-splash. Old ladies can be issued with mini-wheelies if they prefer, and the council tells us that if our bins aren't full we can top up with garden refuse.

Personally, I find it a great convenience. I don't have to renew our dustbins, it is easier for me to wheel our rubbish out to the gate, and it is certainly better for our amiable dustmen not to have to acquire those chronic and painful backbone problems that seem to be an inevitable occupational disease. I'm a beneficiary and in fact I see it almost as a challenge to throw away as much as possible each week.

But I'm being lured still further into the waste disposal mountain. Most of my junk is paper and the industry either demands or rejects our old papers following instant changes in the market. Every so often the youth club in our nearest town has a drive to collect massive amounts of paper only to find that when they've filled a vast container these fluctuations mean that the trade doesn't want to buy it. We've got into the habit of taking all the bottles to the heavily used bottle bank in the same town.

How much easier to pitch everything into our vast wheelie bin and forget about it. I wish we had a tradition of openness in local government. Our chief environmental services officer is a nice, conscientious public servant. I would like him to publish figures about the increase in the sheer bulk of rubbish he must dispose of as a result of the change. Because, whatever its benefits and whatever the savings or additional spending that the wheelies have brought, it would have been more in keeping with the facts of the 20th century to persuade us consumers to deal separately with the different kinds of rubbish we generate.

I love my wheelie bin, but I don't trust it. It caters for my irresponsibility.

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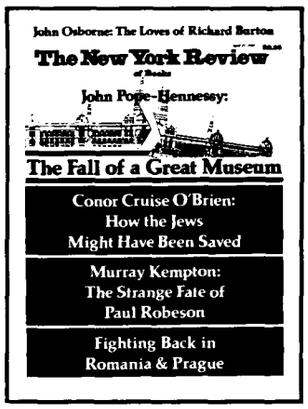

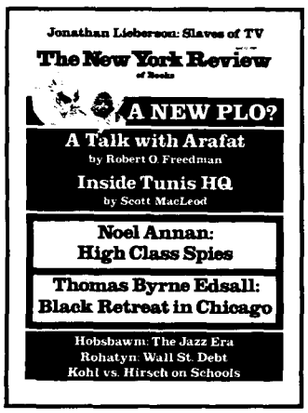

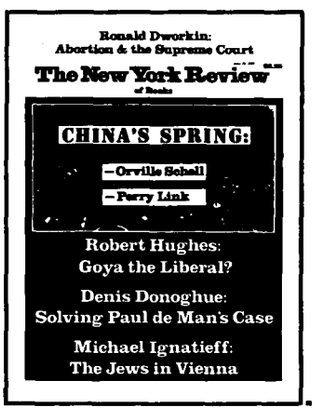

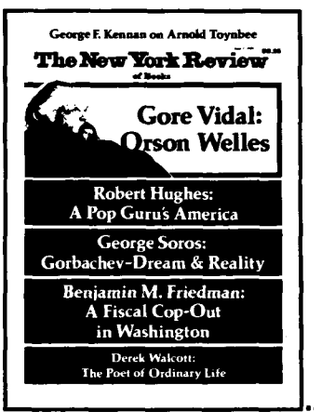

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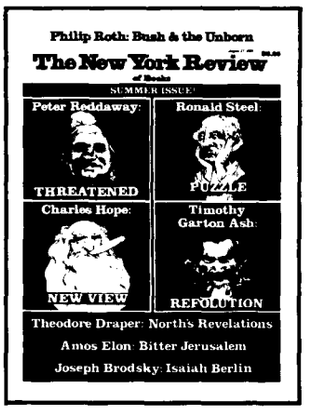

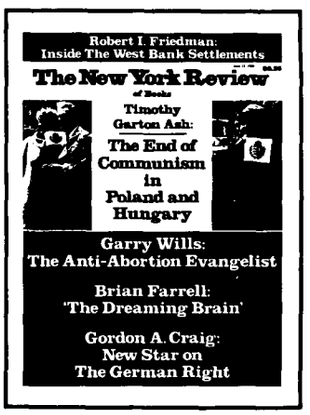

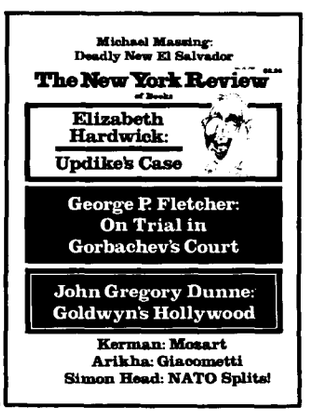

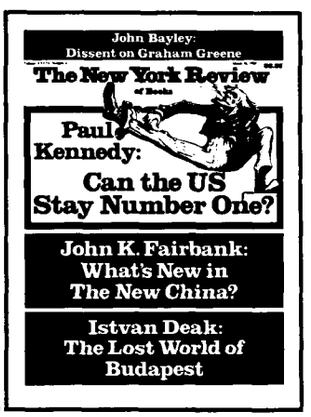

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Mummy's Curse/The Kobal Collection

The curse of Ancient Egypt

THE MUMMY: OR RAMSES THE DAMNED
Anne Rice
Chatto & Windus £12.95

Angela Carter

According to Franco Morretti (*Dialectic of Fear*), the tale of terror relies for its specific *frisson* on repression. "The repressed returns... but disguised as a monster." The horror novels of Anne Rice comprehensively trash this theory; she lets the repressed return in splendour. When the crumbling bandages at last fall from the eponymous mummy of this, her latest novel, young Julie Stamford, the shipping heiress, reels back, but not in horror.

"Dear God, she thought, this is not merely a man gifted with beauty; this is the most beautiful man I've ever seen."

Ramses III, former Pharoah of Egypt, is, admittedly, not so much one of the undead as an immortal. He may make his entrance in a manner characteristic of a fifties movie ghoul but he is also an intellectual giant and a formidable sexual athlete, to boot. This is the return of the repressed, not as Dracula but as Rhett Butler. What *is* going on? More than meets the eye, probably. Anne Rice is a writer of great scope, invention, imaginative energy and sexual daring who has opted to work in mass market genre fiction. Her work in the "tale of terror" is also a kind of commentary on the idea of the tale of terror, and a working through of how much you can get away with in it.

Anne Rice is self-conscious in a way that antique masters of the genre—Bram Stoker, Lovecraft, even Poe—were not, and contemporaries such as Clive Barker and Stephen King are, well, too repressed to be. Among the dedicatees of *The Mummy* is Rider Haggard, who "created the immortal *She*". But the unacknowledged tension behind the psychosexual geography of that extraordinary novel, with its insane depiction of Africa and resplendent S-M heroine, are resolved in Anne Rice's work.

No gruff hinting at homo-erotic bonding here. True to the spirit, rather than the letter, of such friendships as Allan Quartermain's with Sir Henry Curtis (*King Solomon's Mines*) Julie's father and his best friend have indeed been lovers, once upon a time. The villainous Henry's attempts at blackmail follow a liaison with elements of the relationship between Uncle Holly and young Leo before they went off together to look for She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed.

This self-consciousness extends to individual horrors. A severed hand in *The Mummy*, posthumously reanimated, hops and skips around, recalling Freud's equation between the imagery of severed limbs and castration anxiety. This glimpse of the machinery behind the effect doesn't diminish the shudder it provokes; it increases it, because it indicates the nature of the fear for which the paraphernalia of the horror narrative provides a screen of consolation.

In the Anne Rice trilogy collectively known as "The Vampire Chronicles" (*Interview with the Vampire*, *The Vampire Lestat* and *The Queen of the Damned*), the undead are perfectly aware they are not performing elaborate metaphors for tabooed acts. They know that what they *do* is just what is taboo. For them, to suck is transcendent bliss; the cannibal tenderness of the mother-child relation is Anne Rice's sexual paradigm here, more Kleinian than Freudian. When the vampire Lestat turns his beloved mother into a vampire with a deal of passionate and reciprocal sucking in a glorious triumph of polymorphous perversity, Anne Rice seems to be suggesting that it is straight sex itself that is the metaphor for some more atavistic and savagely intimate form of congress.

So it comes as something of a disappointment to discover that, in spite of the enticingly ambiguous element in its title, *The Mummy* is, give and take the youthful indiscretions of old men, straightforwardly heterosexist. Ramses III is a man, after all, and Julie a woman; a 5,000 year age difference is no insuperable barrier to a consummation of a kind the ravishing, sexy vampires of the earlier books would find exceedingly tame: "...and she felt his delicious weight come down upon her, crushing her. The tears had sprung to her eyes, tears of relief. A soft moan escaped her lips."

Admittedly, even though it weighs in at a hefty 436 pages, Anne Rice promises that "the Adventures of Ramses the Damned Shall Continue", so we can confidently expect another

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two volumes, at least, and she may well be writing herself in. What seem at first to be signs of a certain carelessness, especially in the early part of the novel, may be part of a plan. Certainly her evocation of Edwardian London is barely plausible—a dining room, ready for breakfast, smells of "coffee, cinnamon and freshly baked muffins"; a singer lives in a flat over the music hall at which she performs. Then we realise that this is a studio-bound London like that briefly glimpsed in *Gone with the Wind*.

When Ramses mixes up his *elixir vitae*, Anne Rice borrows directly from B-movies: "Within seconds the change had taken place. The raw ingredients, already quite potent in their own right, had been changed into a bubbling liquid, full of vague phosphorescent lights." It is as if we are seeing with the innocent eye we once took to Saturday morning pictures. Even when Ramses returns to Egypt with his new friends, there is still a clean, bright simplicity to everything, which recalls Hollywood in the early days of technicolour. Cleopatra herself, soon reanimated as a homicidal nymphomaniac, has this kind of dimensionless brio.

This world is far away from the *maudit* midnights, the mean streets, the guilt-lacerated and existentially complex vampires of the "Chronicles", as if Anne Rice had decided to relocate herself beyond the polymorphously perverse stage—in the latency period, perhaps. And *The Mummy* probably isn't a tale of terror at all, though it retains elements of the form, but a narrative in the process of mutating into some other form—supernatural romance, perhaps—that indicates a tale of terror can only really exist in a state of unknowing, that the writer of tales of terror must, first of all, terrify him or herself.

Yet what fresh *frissons* can volume two hold? Impossible not to look forward to it! And let us hope Anne Rice escapes the strange curse that hangs over all writers who deal with Ancient Egypt. Most recently it struck down Norman Mailer, whose *Ancient Evenings* contained, evidently with no facetious intent, dialogue such as: "Would you like my obelisk in you?" and "I am known as the degenerate who sups on bat shit"—both lines Anne Rice must wish she'd thought of first.

A seamless dream

WILL YOU STILL LOVE ME TOMORROW?: GIRL GROUPS FROM THE FIFTIES ON...
Charlotte Greig
Virago £9.99

Julie Burchill

It is particularly apt that we are within gobbing distance of the Woodstock anniversary, class, as we take one minute out to regard the phenomenon of Janis Joplin.

Janis Joplin, for all you sweet young things too young to remember (why, I myself was of such tender years when she OD'd in a cockroach motel that I was still relishing the role of orgy-master in the kingdom of Sindy, Paul and Scamp), was a white woman who thought that if you screwed your face up enough and shrieked loud enough you stood a very good chance of being mistaken for a black woman. She was drunk, a junkie, whined ceaselessly about not having a man to love her, looked like the back of a Mack truck and her most famous song went like this—"TAKE IT! Take another little piece of my heart now baby! BREAK IT! Break another little piece of my heart now baby! YOU KNOW YOU GOT IT IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD!" Yes girls—a feminist triumphalist she wasn't, I think we can safely say.

Despite this—or because of it, heh heh—Miss Joplin was presented to the "chicks" of the era as the most autonomous, independent, free-wheeling, *positive* role model for young women around, by both male and female cultural pundits of the time. Which does lead one to ask, somewhat dazedly: if *this* was their idea of a positive role model, then what the Sam Hill did they consider a negative one?

Charlotte Greig, like myself—in fact, *I* first put together the theory which gives this book its prickly spine in a 1983 *Face* essay, but we'll let that pass—believes that the rise of Janis Joplin and the decline of the girl harmony groups (whose official genesis came in 1960 when the Shirelles reached the top of the American singles chart with the song that gives this book its title) marked the opening of yet another front of the sex war: the endless upwave/downwave of feminine pop and masculine rock.

Her case—*my* case, I should say—is argued with great skill, strength and persuasiveness. I must admit to a thrill of horror when initially perusing the vast amount of research Miss Greig has put in because books which are impeccably researched always tend to read as if they were written by a stiff, but this one has no such problems. The interviews blend like the most swoony of girl group harmonies into the narrative, a seamless dream; especially worth noting is the serious and tough intelligence of the early sixties Brill Building women such as Ellie Greenwich—a type of woman rendered completely redundant by a "progressive" rock which could only deal with women as groupies. Each interviewee, from Mary Wilson to Peter Waterman, is full of revelations per minute; even with normally docile and shy interviewees, Charlotte Greig is obviously as persuasive as a Jones Girls' rap.

I would have handled a couple of things differently. Miss Greig, bless her, does not go into the Sapphic fantasies which surround girl groups. I have a friend who grew up to be a teenage idol herself, and she told me that the one thing which got her spiritually intact through the closet wilderness of her adolescent years was the secret knowledge that all her favourite girl singers were dykes, and were at it like fish-knives between takes in the dressing-rooms of TV pop shows. These fantasies are even more believable of girl groups—all that sitting on each others laps in transit vans and room sharing!—and Miss Greig, who elsewhere seeks to present herself as a true-blue gossip and dirt-digger, draws a disappointingly discreet veil over the subject.

Another point I would take issue with is Miss Greig's total exclusion of the Runaways. OK, so their Spandex catsuits and silver platform boots constituted some sort of minor crime against humanity, but they had in Joan Jett probably the most inspirational girl pop star of all time and in "American Nights" probably the best *ever* girl group record. For Charlotte Greig to write them out of pop history just because they played guitars and as such do not constitute a girl harmony group, while writing a good deal about Madonna, Blondie and certain girl groups who retained a token male and thus rule themselves out, is simply not playing the white girl.

But despite these differences, this is a beautiful book that will make you rush out and offer your neighbourhood second-hand record dealer an arm and a leg for a Bonnie and the Treasures long-player, while making a bonfire of anything horribly male or hippie which may have taken up residence in your record collection. And finally, I don't know why I'm being so nice to Charlotte Greig when she did to me the worst thing a writer can do to a critic—rob her of her pre-packaged last line, the line she had in mind before she so much as opened the book. My last line was to be: "Ironically, the best book ever written about girl groups remains one by a man: Alan Betrock's *Girls Groups: the story of a sound.*" But Charlotte Greig's is even better: beautifully packaged, lovingly told, with a secret bite inside—like the very best of the girl groups themselves.

Sounds of the sixties

REUNION: A MEMOIR
Tom Hayden
Hamish Hamilton £17.95

Stephen Howe

One's first instinct is seriously to dislike Tom Hayden. Anyone who did as many silly things—albeit often engagingly silly things—in his youth as did Hayden; who made so smooth a transition from that spiky, anarchic activism to Jerry Brown's sanitised New Age Democratic politics; who is so hideously smug about his filmstar wife and his baseball-playing, faultless children; anyone so utterly *Californian*, is hard for a cynical European lefty to like.

So one guards conscientiously against that hostile predisposition. One suspends cynicism. One provides an appropriate soundtrack for reading *Reunion*—Buddy Holly or Chuck Berry for the childhood pages, Dylan or the Weavers

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for early sixties student politics, the fiercer sounds of Jefferson Airplane or Steve Stills for the years of police violence, and the Weathermen, even the Eagles (ugh!), or Boz Scaggs for latterday California prosperity. (Hayden wrote the book, he tells us, "listening hundreds of times to U2 and Paul Simon tapes". Poor guy.) The soundtrack helps a bit. So does the flicker of sympathy one now feels for Hayden, since the domestic bliss which the book celebrates has subsequently and so publicly been destroyed.

But sympathy can only take one so far. Hayden's reflections on his own past are mostly pretty shallow. He uses the idea of the sixties, in a now overfamiliar way, to denote a philosophy and an ethos as well as an era. Yet he never effectively conveys what that philosophy adds up to, then or now, for him. There's an odd kind of tone-deafness to the nuance of ideas.

For instance, the greatest intellectual and moral influence Hayden acknowledges is Albert Camus, whose name recurs constantly throughout the book. But he evidently doesn't care enough to get his mentor's views even roughly right. Camus's long agonising over France's Algerian war became, for obvious enough reasons, a touchstone in thinking about the United States and Vietnam. But Hayden's is a Camus with all the rough edges and the internal fissures airbrushed away. And he seems entirely unaware that his hero's final choice of loyalties was the opposite from that which he made.

Too often, Hayden writes very badly indeed. The centrepiece of the book is the battle of Chicago in 1968, when Mayor Daley's police ran riot against anti-war protestors while Daley's fixers gerrymandered the nomination for the pro-war candidate, Hubert Humphrey. Yet Hayden gives one no sense of the *atmosphere* of those desperate days. One must still go to Norman Mailer or, more surreally, William Burroughs for that.

And Hayden's instinct for cliché is unerring. Of a former lover: "a free-spirited SDS communist, pulsating with a sense of her own power. As the poets said of revolutionary Ireland, a 'terrible beauty' was born in Bernardine." The poets, indeed.

There are, too, odd silences, places where Hayden becomes deeply evasive. On the whole ethos of drug experimentation which was so centrally formative for his political milieu of the 1960s, there's not a word. Perhaps he plans to run for the Supreme Court sometime. More seriously, he never quite comes clean on his attitude to political violence, to those of his former friends who became tragi-comic would-be terrorists in the late sixties.

Maybe the best things about Tom Hayden, in the end, are his enemies. He reproduces large chunks of his own 1960s FBI files throughout the book; in many ways they're the most telling things in the memoir. And however bland his politics may seem today, California Republicans in 1989 appear to hate him just as much as Nixon's aides did in 1969. He must still be doing something right.

Hallo to the art of poetry

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John Lucas

Peter Levi's *Goodbye to the Art of Poetry* is his farewell lecture as Professor of Poetry at Oxford. It is written in verse couplets and if it is any guide to the earlier lectures Seamus Heaney's election must come as a blessed relief. It isn't merely that the verse is excruciatingly inept, it is that what Levi has to say is so drearily predictable in its High Table chumbling that you have to rub your eyes to be sure it isn't all meant

Refugees hit by UK scare tactics

BRITISH immigration officers based in Turkey have attempted to stop potential refugees from boarding flights to seek asylum in the United Kingdom.

This latest example of Britain's violation of human rights conventions follows revelations that countless Kurdish refugees have been turned back from Heathrow without any examination of their claims. They were not even allowed to leave their planes.

Special Report by JOHN MERRITT

Some had previously suffered imprisonment and torture. Others have been arrested by Turkish authorities on their return — their ignored as focused on enough [illegible] dep[illegible]

Minister, Masut Yilmaz, described the British officials' action as 'a totally unacceptable practice'.'

Last week a Home Office spokesman told *The Observer*: 'The immigration officers went to Turkey to staff the visa section and deal with visa applications.'

When challenged about the date of visa introductions, he said: 'They were there in an advisory capacity at the invitation of British Airways.'

The sp[illegible] that BA [illegible] its posi[illegible]

only for them to be sent back again.

The Foreign Office maintained that the immigration officers had 'gone to get a feel for things prior to visas coming in'. A spokesman said: 'It was all a misunderstanding. A left-hand, right-hand situation, which was sorted [illegible] incredibly quickly.'

He added that [illegible] ish [illegible]

to the Status of Refugees.' These lay down that asylum will not be refused if the only country to which a person can be returned is one to which he is unwilling to go owing to a well-founded fear of persecution.

The Ob[illegible] has lected Kur[illegible] b[illegible]

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as a send-up of the Oxford professorship.

"Poets like Gower are doomed I assume": well, they are if a line like that is offered as exhibiting the art of poetry. "Aristotle the old philosopher." Oh, *that's* who he was. Of "Tom Eliot" Levi remarks, "I even love his late verse and the dim/and Christian capers he wrote for the stage." How many feet has the second line got? "Poetry," Levi claims, "is still playing the same games,/ten thousand generations from Adam,/and the core of the poem is *I am.*" "How very true," one murmurs over the port, thinking of border ballads and their like, and Shakespeare and *his* like, and . . . and . . and admiring the subtle cadences of that last line. "I am." Well, it could be so for lyric poetry. But even lyric poetry has to make some contact with reality. Levi's *Shadow and Bone* burbles with sweet emptiness.

By contrast Gillian Clarke's new volume has four or five poems whose grace is matched by and won from the intractability of matter, as in "Seal", which refuses the easy current of feelings it may seem to set in motion: "When the milk-arrow stabs she comes/water fluent down the long green miles./Her milk leaks into the sea, blue/blossoming in an opal." The language holds sentiment at bay: it sounds lovely, but "In two days/no bitch-head will break the brilliance/ listening for baby-cries./Down in the thunder of that other country/the bulls are calling and her uterus is empty."

This may be minor poetry, but it has a regard for its subject without which style becomes trivially fetishistic. Clarke does become trivial when she claims that attention to nature red in tooth and claw happens on bare hills, not where people are: "The cities can forget on days like this/all the world's wars" ("In January"). No, they can't. "Neighbours" is a much better poem, about the post-Chernobyl world where "In the democracy of the virus and the toxin/we wait". And as we wait, we make poems. As Luther famously said: "Even if the world should end tomorrow, I still would plant my apple tree."

Peter Reading's *Perduta Gente* is a bag of windfalls, rotten and stinking. It, too, is self-consciously post-Chernobyl. It is also about London's cardboard city and the frenzy of property buying. It occurs to me that years from now, when Thatcher is booming to St Peter that she had no alternative and will he kindly step aside and let her in to speak a piece of her mind to God (who probably has a French accent), *Perduta Gente* could form the Vision of Judgment which brings Satan panicking up from hell to protest that she can't come down there, disturbing the residents. Levi would never accept this as poetry. Its core certainly isn't "*I am*", however maggoty. It's more "*This is IT*", IT being the late 1980s.

Robert Johnstone's neatly titled and various *Eden to Edenderry* is also of the moment. In his case the moment is liable to occur in Northern Ireland, about which he writes in a manner that owes something to James Simmons. It's good, rough stuff, as in "Eden Says No", which begins brilliantly, "As a people favoured by the Almighty,/we discovered writing for ourselves", although it ends weakly: "Within these walls fruit shall never come to grow/Because Eden will always say No." But people who shoot themselves in the foot don't mean to do so. The poem's message has detached itself from the fable meant to deliver it.

The sequence with which the volume opens, "Titanic", is, however, almost entirely successful in its compelling blend of outer narrative with inner dream and/or nightmare. It would take far more space than I have to explain how this is done, but it is, believe me, terrific. Given that there are also a number of other good poems in his volume, *Eden to Edenderry* should be on your list of MUSTS.

As should the *New Chatto Poets*. If each of Robert Crawford's poems is supposed to have at its core *I am* you'd have to say that from poem to poem *I* is always another. In "Mr and Mrs William Mullock in the Museum of Ethnology" he's parodying Eliot: "Woman and man, each stands and seems/Odd, undeciphered, quite alone,/Surrounded by elusive dreams,/ Fragments of the Rosetta Stone." In "Photonics", "We're a new technology" and the poem is a most ingenious and deftly written erotic encounter. "The Dalswinton Enlightenment" is different again, as is "The Minister's Marriage", "Apertures", "Rain" and "The Approach". A reading of any of these is enough to make you say hello to the art of poetry.

Paul May has a neat line in laconic miniature narratives as in "Harvests", "Walter and Connie" and "Periodicity". Lucy Anne Watt's "The Camp" and Sarah Maguire's "Spilt Milk" are the work of talented writers, as is Mark Ford's "Then She Said She Had to Go". They may all turn out to be good poets. Robert Crawford is already one.

The bloody Gulf war

THE LONGEST WAR: THE IRAN-IRAQ CONFLICT
Dilip Hiro
Grafton Books £17.95

Amanda Mitchison

Over a million casualties and a cost of over $1,000 billion, the use of chemical weapons by Iraq, the "human wave" tactic of Iran, the Iranian airbus disaster and the bombing of cities and civilian shipping—the Gulf war has been the bloodiest, most protracted and, for certain verses, the nastiest conflict between two countries since 1945.

In this balanced and thorough account, Dilip Hiro outlines the military and political developments in the Gulf and explains the international ramifications of the war and the astonishingly cynical arms network, whereby both sides seem to have received weapons from almost every imaginable source. And while the illicit arms trading between Iran and the United States and France led to sensational scandals at the time, it is in the long run more significant that the Gulf war encouraged the weapon industries in third world countries such as China and Korea.

This is an interesting, well-researched work but by no means an easy read (Hiro has the scholarly exactitude to begin a paragraph with "Seventhly..."). For a sense of how the citizens of Iran and Iraq live—or, indeed, how they die—the reader can only look at a series of grisly photographs in the centre pages of the book—the black clouds of burning oil, bodies piled in ditches, demonstrations by small boys in uniform, towering effigies of Ayatollah Khomeini and President Saddam Hussein.

Iran and Iraq turned out to be unexpectedly well-balanced, deserving opponents. Both countries were run by intransigent, high-profile, doctrinal leaders. And while Iraq possessed better equipped land and air forces and could rely finally on intervention by the superpowers, the Iranian army was highly motivated and the population three times larger.

Hiro emphasises the various, very different effects of the war on the two countries. The Iraqi invasion in September 1980 came at a time of disarray and demoralisation in Iran and gave the revolution a rallying cause and a much-needed sense of purpose. The war also subsumed other social problems, allowing the government to postpone decisions on major policy issues such as land reform, taxation, and labour relations. According to Hiro, "While Iranian leaders projected an image of dogmatic revolutionaries urging their followers to take the path of martyrdom, in practice they were pragmatic, even cautious."

In Iraq, however, the war weakened ideological fervour and, with one tenth of the population under arms, the society became increasingly militarised. Hussein's speeches made less mention of the old Baathist aspirations of socialism, anti-Zionism and radical pan-Arabism. Instead he spoke of valour, patriotism and martyrdom. In contrast with Iran, the Iraqi economy came to rely increasingly on the private sector and has incurred crippling debts with its Gulf allies, the west and the Soviet Union.

Hiro's exacting, analytical approach is especially appropriate for a war which has never been quite what it seems. Often the side which barked the loudest bit the least, and highly aggressive tactics—such as Iraq's "tanker war", which was intended to draw in the superpowers and so bring the war to a close—sometimes disguised much less belligerent aims.

Despite the wild rejoicing in Baghdad and despite Khomeini's famous confession that ending the fighting was worse than taking poison, the UN ceasefire agreed in July last year after a wave of Iraqi military victories and the shooting down of the Iranian airbus, was not the conclusive victory for Baghdad that some analysts have described. Instead the unsteady, but probably durable truce in the Gulf today is the fruit of mutual expediency and exhaustion. For, as Hiro's title would suggest, and as any reader of this authoritative tome is only too likely to confirm, the Iran-Iraq conflict has been, above all, a *long* war.

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Books round-up

And the war came

Kenneth O Morgan

Hotfoot from celebrating the bicentenary of the French revolution, Stakhanovite historians (and publishers) have plunged into commemorating the anniversary of world war two. Of the two, it may well be that 1939 is now distinctly more remote from modern consciousness than is 1789.

The French revolution launched passionate debates about the nature and location of social and political power which still stir and torment the minds of people today (though evidently not the mind of Mrs Thatcher). The war which broke out in 1939, by contrast, has, as A J P Taylor forecast long ago, "become a matter of historical curiosity". Indeed, the process has been more rapid, perhaps, than even that great man anticipated.

A world in which the British and their "empire" were pivotal to international events, in which historic Franco-German antagonisms still shaped a European balance of power, in which Italy sought an African empire and Japan a Chinese one, in which Stalin's Russia was an impenetrable pariah, in which the United States remained cast in a stubborn isolationism from world leadership, in which classical diplomatic manoeuvres, recalling those of Metternich and Talleyrand, dictated the outcome of "crises"—all this seems light years removed from the world of *glasnost*, decolonisation and 1992. Danzig, for which Hitler swore Germans would die in 1939, is now (as Gdansk) the original home of Solidarity which marked a decisive breach in the monolithic front of the cold war.

Two new books deal with the months and years that preceded the British declaration of war on 3 September 1939 after Hitler invaded Poland. Donald Cameron Watt's *How War Came: the immediate origins of the second world war, 1938-1939* (Heinemann £25) is, by any standards, a fine achievement, a noble, breathtaking work of insight, massive scholarship and subtle argument. It is the great monument of international history that has long been anticipated from him. Though in some ways a reversion to traditional diplomatic history of the style of Sir Charles Webster, it has a sustained momentum and closeness of focus that makes it totally gripping from first to last. The broad pattern of international change that flowed from Hitler's planning his new war in the aftermath of Munich is placed side by side with penetrating studies of such varied personalities as Chamberlain and Hitler, Beck and Hacha, Ciano and Inönü, Roosevelt and Litvinov.

Among Watt's many merits is the extraordinary range of his grasp. Almost uniquely among modern international historians he has a rare sense of the geopolitical and stategic needs of the United States, as well as of the political dilemmas facing Roosevelt at home, from Congress and public, as the New Deal ran out of steam. On balance, this period of US foreign policy is an ignoble story of evasion and incomprehension. By any test, Roosevelt was foremost amongst the appeasers—until the "destroyer deal" in August 1940.

But Watt is equally good on the many facets of the European scene, from the balance of power in the Chamberlain cabinet, to the minutiae of internal Czech and Slovak politics in March 1939 on the eve of the German invasion of Prague. But it is the main players whose misunderstandings dictate events—Chamberlain's refusal to believe that Hitler's proclaimed plans to attack Poland were genuine; Hitler's refusal to believe that the British public took the guarantee to Poland seriously; the equivocations of the French, notably Bonnet. The "amateur diplomats", ranging from Pope Pius XII and German idealists like Adam von Trott to the shabby Swedish go-between, Birger Dahlerus, had little to offer. In the end, Watt's explanation of the

Danzig, for which Hitler swore Germans would die, is now Gdansk, Solidarity's home

outcome is ambiguous. He will have none of fortuitous explanations such as war coming because "Hitler launched a diplomatic manoeuvre on 29 August which he ought to have launched on 28 August". The war had long-term causes in Hitler's territorial ambitions and ideological fantasies. It was Hitler's war, though the world's tragedy.

Richard Overy and Andrew Wheatcroft's *The Road to War* (Macmillan £15.95), based on a forthcoming BBC TV series, is less substantial. But it also contains much fascinating material. The main thrust is to present the war as multicausal, with separate chapters outlining the different scenarios as seen in Germany, Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia, Japan and the United States. Commendably, the effect is to strip away the veneer of moralism which commentators from J F Kennedy to A L Rowse have invested the build-up to 1939, even if the perspective on a theme such as the rival Anglo-Soviet and German-Soviet discussions in the summer of 1939 inevitably tends to be fragmented.

On the planning of rearmament, notably in its effect on the German economy, Overy and Wheatcroft are very good indeed. A major difference with Watt lies in their treatment of Chamberlain. Overy and Wheatcroft see him as decisive and reasonably consistent, with "few illusions left" after Munich. Watt, more convincingly to my mind, stresses his contempt for public opinion and "petulant egotism". He was neither dignified nor efficient, neither a flawed tragic hero nor a courageous crusader. Even in March 1939 he still believed the "integrity" of Czechoslovakia could be preserved, despite what he had done at Munich. The pathetic evasions of 1-3 September in which Halifax, even Hoare and Kingsley Wood seemed strong, where Chamberlain seemed evasive and dishonest, make a rehabilitation of Britain's premier as difficult as ever.

The six years of war that followed are dealt with in Martin Gilbert's *Second World War* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson £18.95) and R A C Parker's *Struggle for Survival* (Oxford University Press £14.95). Gilbert follows the pattern of the last five volumes of his life of Churchill. There is a superbly lucid piling up of accurate facts along with a stubborn refusal to impose any pattern or attempt any kind of interpretation. It is a mystery how the Gilbert who produced a magnificent analysis of the Dardanelles expedition in his third volume on Churchill lapsed thereafter into an exponent of the "one damn thing after another" school of history. Gallipoli seems to have been as near-fatal for the biographer as for his hero.

On the other hand, the accounts of all the military and naval campaigns are brilliant in their clarity (as are the maps); there is much absorbing information notably on the use of the Enigma code-breaking machine or German film propaganda; while the final treatment of the fate of Europe's Jews is deeply moving. It burns with a hidden fire not found elsewhere in the book, the author's heart and soul, as well as his mind, fully engaged at the last.

If Gilbert is reluctant to offer ideas, R A C Parker's much shorter survey crackles with them. Based on a matchless knowledge of the documents, he provides an authoritative treatment of military, diplomatic and economic aspects, written with great force and insight. As a one-volume survey, it is unlikely to be surpassed, even in this year of anniversaries.

Three particularly fine chapters discuss the various war economies (with Britain, remarkably, coming out best for mobilisation of manpower, a tribute to Bevin); the impact and ultimate folly of strategic bombing (including US bombing of Japan); and the growth of Anglo-US discord in 1944-45, the root of much postwar dissension in the so-called "special relationship" (a term Parker is wise enough not to use). Everywhere, myths are shot down like Heinkels. He is remarkably firm on the mysteries of Stalin's Russia, while some shrewd comments on social change demolish the view that the war helped promote the equality of women.

A minor criticism is that the book is a shade Euro-centred. The transatlantic and Pacific aspects could do with more emphasis. Thus the growth of tension in the Pacific is explained by a (superb) account of the needs of Japanese trade and manufacturing. There is nothing on the roots of American involvement in the Far East, dating from the 1890s, if not earlier. It should never be forgotten that pre-war US "isolationism" applied strictly to Europe, not to Asia, let alone Latin America. But in its different style, Parker's book, like Watt's, is a magnificent achievement, a *tour de force*.

Watt has shown that the war had definable causes. Parker explains that it had intelligible consequences even if they added up to the systematic demolition of the enclosed European order of which these works are in some sense a celebration. The best advice to the reader is to buy them both.

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A short, silent life

WAVERLEY PLACE
Susan Brownmiller
Hamish Hamilton £12.95

Diana Souhami

Like Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood, Waverley Place* is a murder story based on fact. In 1987 a New York lawyer killed a six-year-old girl by flinging her across a room in a rage. The child was his illegally adopted daughter. Police and paramedics went to his Greenwich Village apartment. They found the girl unconscious. The woman they presumed to be her mother looked as if she had been hit by a train. The place stank. A baby boy, soaked in urine and faeces, was tethered by a rope. The lawyer, a burly Jewish man with dark curly hair and designer glasses, "acted like he was turning in a broken appliance" as he handed over the girl.

Three days later the child died and Susan Brownmiller began to write, "to imagine how the couple from my neighbourhood whose image flashed repeatedly across the television screen—a lawyer and a woman with a bashed-in face who had once been a writer—could have travelled the distance from people I *might* have known to such a nightmare".

She read everything about the case and kept to the circumstantial facts, but made the motivation and involvements fictional. She said she was impelled to write by the haunting image of the girl's face. She tells the story in a series of diary entries and her prose style is emotive: "she mouthed 'I love you' through grotesque, swollen lips." "...with a soft squish the blood from her split lip spurted onto the wall. He stared at his knuckles."

This is Susan Brownmiller's first novel. She has worked as a newswriter for ABC television and a reporter for *Village Voice*. She has written books about rape and femininity and she here combines social concern with her journalist's sense of what constitutes a good—that is, terrible—story.

And she succeeds. Fact is worse than fiction. It is not a book that is easily put aside, nor a story that can be forgotten. The diary entries begin with the police intervention over the murder of the child in 1987, go back to the meeting of the surrogate parents in 1970, then forward again through 17 years of hell to the night of the murder. She calls the couple Barry Kantor and Judith Winograd. Their relationship begins as a casual pick-up. They hype themselves up on pot and have sex which is initially good. "He came out of the shower with a towel wrapped around his hips. God he was gorgeous." His sexual power turns to bullying and brutality. Her sexual passivity turns to collusion in crime.

He beats her up all the time: if she forgets to put out the garbage, if she leaves the oven on, if anything upsets him. He fractures her pelvis by stamping on her crotch, then takes her on holiday to the Caribbean. The violence escalates to the point where he burns her and chokes her on an iron chain. She cannot or does not either tell on him or leave him. She exists in a twilight world of fear and submission.

The diary entries are like pieces in a jigsaw: his crooked dealings in abortion, drugs and the phoney adoption of unwanted children by couples prepared to pay (which is how he gets his two children); the neighbours' perception of violence as the annoyance of noise; the addiction to cocaine, heroin, alcohol, valium, marijuana; his psychopathic violence and lies; the way the couple's professional status fends off inquiries by social workers. The finished picture is of murder.

When the little girl begins to have a will of her own, Kantor beats her too. The silent character is the child that dies. Perhaps this story is a paradigm for the short silent lives of battered children who die, betrayed by the parents or guardians to whom they are assigned.

The other Glasgow

FROM MOOREPARK TO "WINE ALLEY": THE RISE AND FALL OF A GLASGOW HOUSING SCHEME
Seán Damer
Edinburgh University Press £25

Rodney Barker

Glasgow's miles better. It's got Charles Rennie Mackintosh, it's European City of Culture in 1990, and it's established itself as the artistic new world to which everything from the *Mahabharata* to the National Theatre's breakaway *Lear* flee when London proves too philistine. But it's also got poverty, drugs, Aids and depressing, damp and deprived acres of public housing exiled beyond the outer margins out of sight of the galleries, the restaurants and the new shopping malls.

Glasgow, like the rest of Scotland, is also the place where the government tries things out. If you want to know the worst that can happen to you under Thatcher, and what you might be able to do about it, look at Scotland, and at its capacity to put two fingers up not only at the Conservative government in London but also at orthodox Labour politics. Moorepark, the housing estate studied by Seán Damer, is in the heart of Govan, Labour's own electoral Flodden Field of 1988.

But compare two voices: "You fuckin hoor, that'll teach ye tae spend ma money on drink!"; "there can be no doubt that the Govan workers were riddled with bourgeois ideology". The first is a small girl playing with her doll, one of the voices of Moorepark, recorded by an imaginative field worker and a good listener, and presented largely without comment as a vigorous and articulate piece of oral history. The second is the author himself, tut-tutting away like a Leninist Sunday school teacher at the deplorable extent of false consciousness.

For there are two books here. The first is an account of life in a decaying housing scheme in the words of the people who live there. The second is an unrelated and unoriginal throwing up of hands in horror at the iniquities of capitalism and its skill in fooling the workers. There's no attempt to relate the attribution of capitalist oppression to the experiences which the book presents, and the analysis inherent in the description seems unconnected with the rhetorical condemnation in which it is sandwiched.

"Unexplained phenomena, especially if unpleasant, are imputed to witches," writes Damer. The witches in this book are a misty composite of capital, social democracy, bourgeois social science, the state, social workers and Labour-controlled local government, ably assisted by workers with an inadequate grasp of class struggle. And that is as patronising to the people of Govan as the views held, it seems, by more or less everyone expect Damer, of which he so loudly complains. One of the most active and articulate residents of Moorepark "has never been offered a class analysis of anything", and in consequence "has only her instinctive analysis of her own class experience". Poor wee thing.

Dogs beneath the skin

AMERICAN APPETITES
Joyce Carol Oates
Macmillan £12.95

Nicci Gerrard

After 19 novels (not to mention numerous volumes of short stories, poems, plays, essays) Joyce Carol Oates is still playing elegant variations on her enduring theme: that under the painstaking facades of American life, repressed human emotions take on ugly and violent forms. It is rare for one of her novels not to work up to a climax where a few stones fall loose, the facade rips apart, and the infested basements of life are revealed in all their creeping, crawling, mesmerising horror. Joyce Carol Oates writes about American middle classes with repetitive accuracy. She obsessively chips away at their genteel respectabilities, taking squeamish delight in unsavoury discoveries. Her writing combines rarified observation with shocking brutality, making her an unnerving but vehement commentator upon contemporary mores.

American Appetites follows Joyce Carol Oates's blunt, effective format. Ian and Glynnis McCollough appear to be the archetypally successful American couple. Middle-aged, middle class, well-to-do, professionally advanced and domestically stable, they seem to live in ease and contentment. He is a prestigious

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demographer, transposing individuals' lives into data units to produce the statistical "self"; she is a writer of cookery books, currently working on one called "American Appetites". They live in a quiet and lovely house with large windows and dark tile floors, meet in the evenings at a beautifully set table, drinking crisp dry wine and eating ballotine of chicken. Their bodies and conversations seem suited. Both, however, have their uneasy secrets and—guess what?—jealousy and terror smash through the seemly structures of their 26-year marriage, laying waste to their carefully maintained love.

Joyce Carol Oates is at her best when describing how things look, feel or smell. She is fixated by the textures of people's skins (crepey, flaccid, damp), their oppressive breath (beery or liquorish), their peculiar and often repellent idiosyncracies (a protuberant Adam's apple, a particular scab, over-wet lips, rivulets of tears like a snail's trail down powdered cheeks).

In *American Appetites* the characters tend to disappear behind their baroque characteristics; the sweaty tactile world of surfaces she creates is more compelling than the characters who inhabit and destroy it. They are also submerged by the over-articulate, adjectivally-crushed prose which is both a triumph of meticulous description and a case of linguistic overload. If it wasn't so beautifully executed, you might call it overwriting. Clauses and subclauses, dashes and italics elaborate and compromise meanings. Favourite words ("calibrate", "raw", "anguish", "agitated", "stricken", "ravenous", "loins", "depraved", "lunar"...) pepper the novel as ardently as Glynnis peppers her *farce à quenelles à la panade*.

All this highly-seasoned relativity, however, crowds around a central disappointment. For Joyce Carol Oates is much better at describing the surfaces than she is at showing what lies beneath them. As long as *American Appetites* remains on the hither side of dramatic revelation it possesses a sleazy kind of brilliance. As soon as it crosses the threshold it becomes limp and facile. Over-whetted appetites can fade.

A long lunch hour

THE MEZZANINE
Nicholson Baker
Granta Books £10.95

Carole Morin

When I worked as Associate Editor of *Granta* magazine I was frequently asked why the forthcoming issue was late. My reply (a joke) was that Mr Buford hadn't finished writing it yet. But could the distinctive voice shared by each issue of the magazine possibly actually be the result of one genius's all-night sessions with a whisky bottle and a word-processor?

On reading *The Mezzanine*, a novel by an unknown writer published alongside Berger, Gellhorn and Marquez by the impressive new Granta books imprint, I am tempted to wonder if this new writer really does exist, or if this book—a triumphant celebration of the philosophy of trivia, written in gutso (sic) style close to the heart and mind of the magazine—is perhaps a beezer incognito issue of *Granta* magazine, and not (as it appears to be) a new Granta book? And the man who appears on the backflap *calling himself* Nicholson Baker *could be* Bill Buford pictured in murky lighting wearing concealing new glasses but the same old hairstyle. (Or could it be a picture of Bill Buford's look-alike *cousin* snatched from the old Buford family album on time to pose as alter-ego Baker?) And maybe the Machiavellian editor of Granta books/magazine's frequent absences from his Cambridge office are occasioned by travel to Mount Morris, New York, to *catch up with his (other) life as Nicholson Baker?*

Whoever the real author of this book is, it is a once upon a time in an office in America tale told by Howie, a modern philosopher, who is having a lunch break from whatever it is he does at this office. Howie uses his free hour to visit the men's room (where he compares taking a corporate crap to the kind of committed by "bums beyond caring in urban library bathrooms"), ride the mezzanine escalator to the ground floor in order to leave the building to purchase shoelaces, then ride back up the escalator to his office. This non-plot is Mr B's first trick: by pretending he's writing a book about nothing he perversely convinces the reader of hidden depth.

The key to understanding *The Mezzanine* is that it's a small short book with a decreasingly irritating stream of tiny type thought-aside footnotes which are crucial to the relationship between memory of past thoughts and current happening-now thoughts. Howie knows the world must change and wants to break his obsessive attachment to his past, but his brain is too complicated; likewise, the reader wants to skip the footnotes and race through the bigger print above, but can't because the Sunday tabloids have already addicted us to lists of useless information that passes itself off as fact.

But Mr B has brilliantly built a structure which sustains his non-narrative and allows him to shatter his reader with arresting images and ideas without forgetting the unspoken question he's forcing us to consider: why not the shoelace? Why should it be more worthy to think about one thing rather than another? Is Howie's tongue-brushing theory less deserving of attention than today's international news or *Batman* the movie? Who judges the quality of thought; and is thought quality controllable? (While reading this book I couldn't stop myself thinking of the mezzanine at Fortnum & Mason's, and this thought led to another thought: the chocolate zombies sold at F & M's.)

Is the dazzling display of clever trivia contained within this book a mask for deeper analysis of the 20th century, or an extended patronisingly superior yawn-on-you, the reader, who is tempted to believe: "Gosh, this is terribly clever stuff and if it's boring me I must be too stupid—or trivial!—to appreciate it."

This mysterious new writer may have outclevered himself. After this performance, his next masterpiece could seem like a disappointment—the sort of inevitable disappointment Howie experiences when comparing his present with his past during the lunch hour.

Chalk and talk

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL
June R Lewis
Robert Hale £14.95

Colin Ward

Ten years ago Ronald Blythe made a thoughtful comment on our attitudes towards village schools: "For some time after the last war these schools lacked any kind of charm and were even found hateful, as being remnants of an all-too-easily remembered poverty, both physical and intellectual, and sometimes of brutality. Those who attended them breathed a sigh of relief when they were closed down and their own children bussed to new sunny Primaries miles away. However, as with all things, the day of re-evaluation has dawned..."

He was right. In those days the Department of Education and Science didn't bother to collect statistics on local school closures and few people thought of protesting. The 1980s *has* been the decade of re-evaluation, hence the formation of the National Association for the Support of Small Schools, born at Onecote in the Staffordshire moorlands when local groups from there and from Cumbria and Norfolk had met in 1978 to consider how to meet the threat to village schools. There were failures and successes and, in spite of, or perhaps because of, the extraordinary duplicity of ministerial statements, the threat has actually receded in 1989 simply because closure loses votes in local elections.

For those who have won or lost struggles to save schools, this book is a delight. A local head teacher once unlocked a cupboard and showed me log-books going back to the 1880s which gave a picture of the teacher bravely standing up to the squire, the farmer and the parson, recording deprivations and epidemics among pupils, the boot fund and the days when everyone was absent because of the harvest. These log-books were destined for the county record office where an inexhaustible supply of similar volumes, as well as HMI reports, have provided the author with a rich harvest.

June Lewis was for decades the secretary and bursar of a rural comprehensive school as well as having done a long stint as a teacher. I'm certain that she has an incredible store of anecdotes amply illustrating the phrase that "all human life is there". Everyone I've met in that kind of key job has hair-raising tales to tell.

It's all a matter of temperament. June Lewis has chosen not to gossip about what the job taught her, but has given us a thoroughly researched and well-illustrated account of village schools in England and Wales which confirms that the surviving ones are worth saving.

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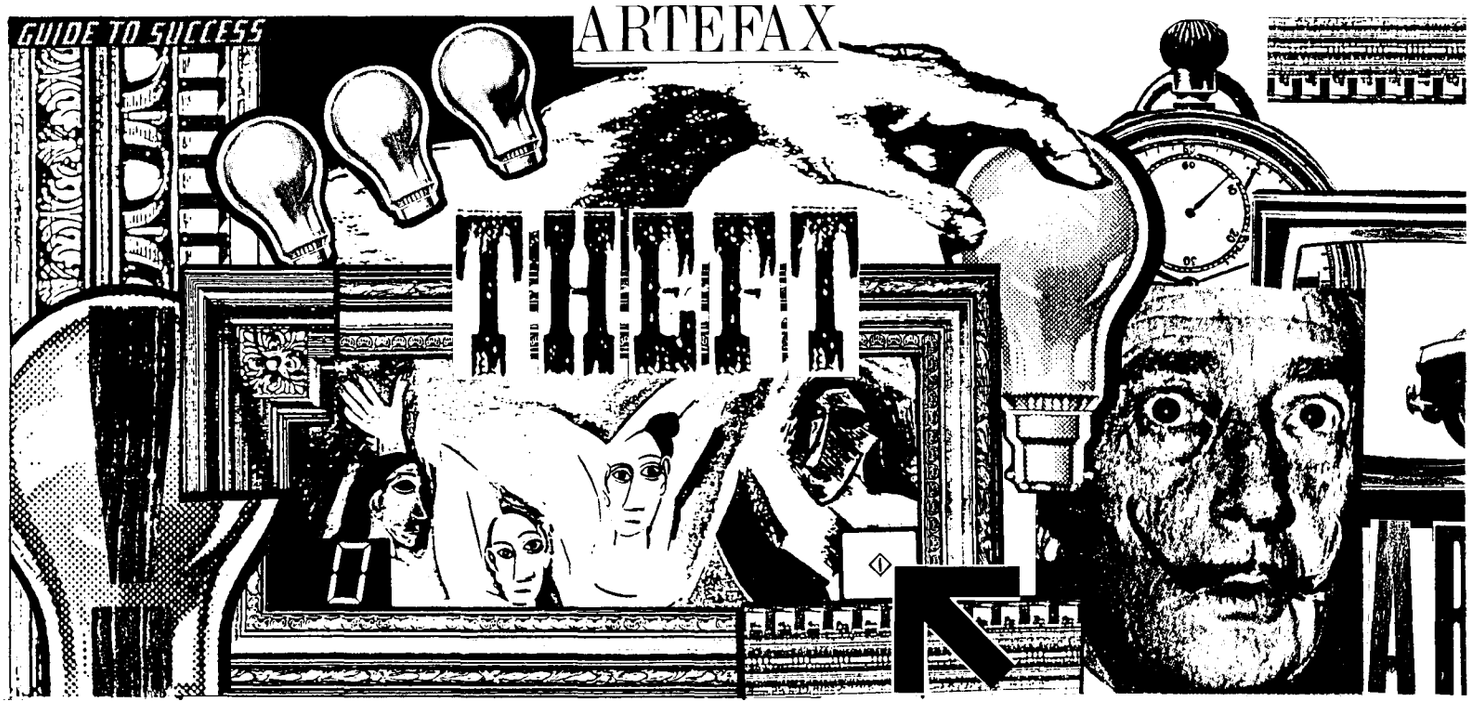

In praise of plagiarism

We are living in the age of plunder. But, Stuart Cosgrove argues, theft is not new to art

Bertolt Brecht was an old commie with bad breath and a wardrobe full of boiler-suits. The fact that he is the most formidable cultural theorist of the 20th century should not obscure the fact that he was an unpleasant little runt who smoked cigar stubs and wrote plays about his courageous mother.

Brecht settled in the GDR after the war. Whilst lesser known dissidents tried to scale the Berlin Wall in hurriedly made hot-air balloons, Brecht stayed behind in the knowledge that in the not too distant future, East Germany would have the best swimming team in the world.

Rumour has it he tormented a student who interviewed him in the last days of his life. Still clinging to the myth of individual genius and the romance of unique creativity, the student gasped in disbelief as Brecht uttered one of his most famous sayings: "Genius is a matter for the police," he said. "The first-law of creativity is theft."

From Greek mythology to postmodern architecture, creative borrowing and artistic quotation have always been part of the aesthetic landscape. Over the past ten years, with the advent of youth culture's "age of plunder" and postmodernism's calculating romp through art history, plagiarism has become a concept worthy of increasing theoretical attention.

Art-as-theft is the main creative concept behind the annual Festival of Plagiarism, an itinerant exhibition of contemporary avant-garde works which recently invaded Glasgow's Transmission Gallery.

The Festival of Plagiarism is an aggregation of avant-garde artists who take influences from dada and surrealism, French post-structuralist theory and a ragbag of authors including Alfred Jarry, William Burroughs and Kathy Acker. Often working under the collective pseudonym Karen Eliot, the festival's organisers oppose the commodification of art, and propose a radical restructuring of gallery values.

Inevitably, the Festival of Plagiarism's main point of reference is the Situationist International and the increasingly fashionable old non-event Guy Debord, who is treated by anarchobores with the kind of purist respect you expect from Bernard Levin.

Putting aside the energetic iconoclasm of its contributors, the Festival of Plagiarism—a potentially challenging and ground-breaking development—is compromised by the self-delusions of the avant-garde. What's the definition of a situationist? Someone who makes a complete spectacle of themselves at the ICA.

But artistic theft and creative plagiarism are too important to be dismissed as an avant-garde fallacy. In raising questions of ownership, copyright, the law, creativity and artistic genius, plagiarism is one of the most important and insurrectionary issues in contemporary culture.

The tabloid press has focused on the most obvious dimensions of plagiarism—the incident in which Princess Michael of Kent was accused of presenting another writer's work as her own, has provided the best example of right royal plagiarism. And the case of the hapless American senator who dropped out of the presidential elections when his vote-catching testimony strayed too close to a Neil Kinnock speech, is a recent example of political plagiarism. In both these case the tabloids could moralise, because someone somewhere had been caught out.

Beyond these apparently simple examples are a network of more complex and creatively "dignified" acts of theft, which have been tolerated by the rules of a higher artistic order. It was the withered old fascist T S Eliot who once said: "Bad poets borrow, good poets steal."

In the cathedrals of traditional academia, artistic influences are discussed with painstaking authority, but plagiarism—the art of being influenced to the point of theft—is still treated as a moral and philosophical outrage. Last year, Harvard University was thrown into institutional trauma when a student revealed that one of the university's leading psychologists had plagiarised a series of obscure academic articles and refashioned them as his own work.

The tenure system in American education has turned academic writing into a sword of Damocles. Publish or be damned! The pressure to hold on to salaried posts, in an era where teaching is subordinate to publishing, makes plagiarism tempting. But, cutting across the economic realities of tenure, is an intellectual and moral imperative that values, elevates and even mythologises original creativity.

Shakespeare was a kleptomaniac, of that there is little doubt. Call it influence or inscrutable theft, but his history plays were plundered from the *Holinshed Chronicles* and *Hamlet*, the quintessential text, was a reworking of several extant plays by lesser known dramatists.

Two years ago, a television advert for office photocopiers came closer to understanding Sha-

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Paul Bateman

kespeare's methods than a shelf of books by tenured American professors. As the bard struggled with "To Be or Not To Be", the actors at the Globe Theatre waited impatiently for their scripts. With the deadline fast approaching, Shakespeare put down his quill and pulled back a decorative curtain to reveal a pristine photo copier. As the xerox ran off multiple copies of the script an onlooker wryly remarked. "Will! Thou truly art a genius."

Although it verges on pretension to say it, the xerox advert neatly parodies the major arguments in Walter Benjamin's now historic treatise on art in the era of mechanical reproduction. The photocopier—like the act of plagiarism itself—throws copying into heightened relief and casts doubt on the idea of "individual genius".

The work of the Berlin anarcho-punk Pablo Canon is a case in point. He photocopies Picasso prints on a xerox machine, mounts them in decorative wooden frames, and mounts spontaneous exhibitions of his "grey" period art-works in public places throughout the city. Theft is rife in popular culture. From xerox art to Frank Keating's masterpiece forgeries and from hip-hop to "acid-house", the question of creative ownership is continually thrown into disarray.

Dance music is literally ruled by theft. To the uninitiated, the impenetrable codes of hip-hop and house music are a strange and incoherent noise. But most club records are a collage of already known and recognisable pieces of music. Theft is not only tolerated, it is a defining principle of the music and its creativity.

Plagiarism in club music is divided into two broad categories, "byting" which is generally used as a pejorative term for the act of stealing a rapper's rhymes or a DJ's favourite bass-line, and a more creative technological term known as "sampling" which is the electronic process of storing and recycling existing sounds.

In the late seventies the scratch-funk style pioneered by New York DJs like Kool Herc, Grandmaster Flash and Afrika Bambaataa opened the way to new discordant images in pop music, scratch-video, youth magazines and finally mainstream television programmes like Janet Street-Porter's *Def II*.

More than ten years after the first wave of hip-hop, British-based pop musicians like Coldcut and the aptly named KLF (Kopyright Liberation Front) have turned musical theft into a highly respected subgenre with its own internal hierarchies and an increasingly portentious sense of creative importance. In modern dance music it is James Brown—the Godfather of funk—who gets ripped off; in the subterranean world of xerox art, it is Pablo Picasso, the Godfather of Guernica.

Plagiarism inevitably provokes questions of morality and power. Is it a creative tradition in its own right or simply a series of historical recurrences in which the artistic avant-garde, trapped by their own self-congratulatory gestures, borrow from the works of the great and good?

Stewart Home, a founding member of the Festival of Plagiarism and a leading figure in the festival's policy of negating commodity art, provides a rough guide to the would-be thieves. "The forces of order have contrived to make plagiarism of recent texts illegal, making the risk of detection a deterrent. The basic rule is to take the ideas and spirit of a text without acutally plagiarising it word for word. Orwell's *1984*, which is a straight re-write of Yevgeny Zamyatin's *We* is a fine example of this."

Despite its wilful obscurity and wanton pretention, the festival is making an aggressive and pioneering attempt to move art and culture into new conceptual areas. The organisers are looking beyond the magpie simulations of post-modernism, to a new future of plagiarism which "recognises the role the media plays in masking the mechanisms of power and actively seeks to disrupt it".

Architecture

Manhattan Transfer

The party in Manhattan is nearly over, says Stephanie Williams

"Who's gonna use 'em? What with people killin' themselves on drugs and Aids and livin' in the streets, and the cost of livin' so high that you can't afford to pay for anythin' except food and rent, let alone buy the goods these corporations make to pay to build these buildins—why, we're in the last stages, you hear? We're playing the *last* round."

My New York cab driver did not think much of the news that we are in the throes of building the equivalent of south-west Manhattan's **World Financial Centre** in London. This vast office complex is the flagship of developer Olympia and York, part of a $20 billion Canadian conglomerate, and Manhattan's biggest landlord. These are the people who are bringing us Canary Wharf, today rising faster than the rate of a floor a week down on the Isle of Dogs.

Olympia and York's approach at the World Financial Centre has been uncannily similar to the line it is taking at Canary Wharf. Eight years ago it took 14 acres of derelict land-fill at Battery Park City, an area too far north and west of Wall Street to be thought part of New York's financial district, and proceeded to build four major office towers, and a couple of ten-storey octagonal buildings, linked by plazas, courts, and walkways. It persuaded early tenants to trade in their outmoded Manhattan office buildings to come to Battery Park City. One of these was American Express. In August 1984 Merrill Lynch booked two of the buildings. Olympia and York renamed the development the World Financial Centre. Within five years it had completely transformed the area.

The success of the marketing was intimately connected with the style of the architecture. Outline designs were prepared by Cesar Pelli, a New Haven-based architect with a good reputation. But make no mistake: the World Financial Centre represents big business architecture with a capital B, designed for corporate, not individual appeal.

Its historical precedents lie in the marbled halls of the Chrysler Building, the Empire State and Rockefeller Centre. Vast, cavernous entrance halls, marble and granite-floored, lead by escalators to hug lift lobbies. The towers at the World Financial Centre, clad in granite and with windows that look like plexiglass, are fairly formless, muddy and chunky, a deliberate contrast required by the planners of Battery Park City, to the slim pencil lines of the World Trade Centre across the street. Since there is not much else you can say about the towers, Cesar Pelli and the developers have drawn attention to

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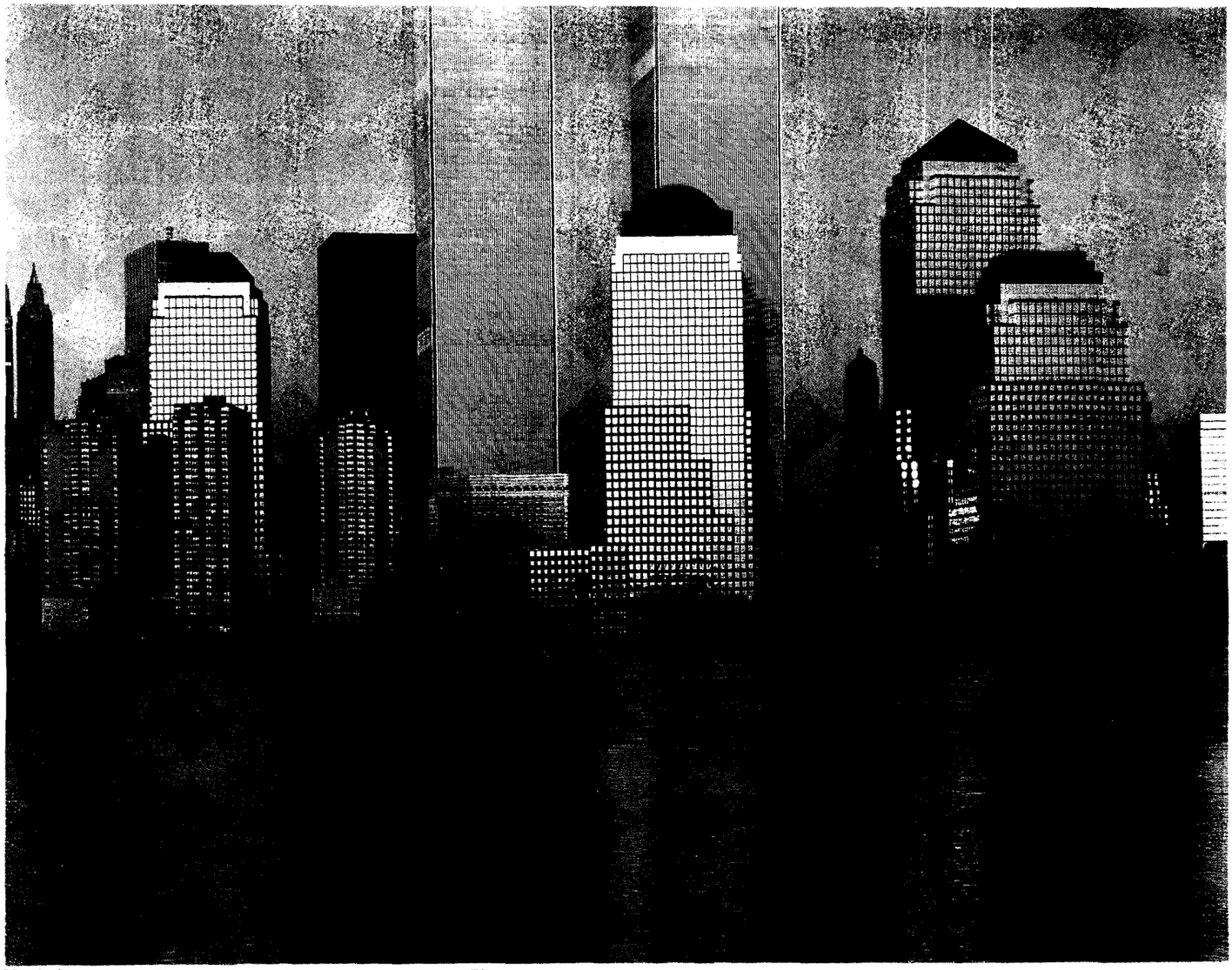

Manhattan's World Financial Centre from across the Hudson River and, below, interior view

the varying pyramidal, domed, and stepped-up roof lines of each of the towers. These roof lines, we are told, are cunningly echoed in the ceilings of the lifts, the granite benches in the public parts of the complex and, no doubt, in the patterns of the granite and marble paving on the floors. But, as it is almost impossible to see the tops of the towers from the street, such devices unfortunately serve to emphasise a poverty of design.

However, with the aid of first-class marketing, the public spaces in the complex *are* attracting people. There were crowds of kids on holiday to visit an exhibition of dinosaurs, and visitors I spoke to liked the complex. They came to see the "Wintergarden", a glass-domed plaza planted with 16 splendid palm trees, with shops and restaurants at its sides. The space opens on to a marina, and, along the Hudson River, connects with a further esplanade, designed with urbanity by Hanna Olins, currently working on the Canary Wharf landscape.

This kind of format, of big, rich air-conditioned spaces to go and shop and eat ice cream in, appeals in America. But will it go down in Docklands? Canary will be nearly twice as big as the World Financial Centre, and different

Its historical precedents lie in the cavernous, marble-floored halls and huge lift lobbies of the Chrysler Building, the Empire State and Rockefeller Centre

architects—not a lone impresario—are being commissioned to do individual buildings. Of nine buildings commissioned so far, two have gone to young firms of English architects: Troughton McAslan and Allies and Morrison. Seven are by big American firms, specialists in corporate architecture: I M Pei, Skidmore Owings and Merrill, Kohn Pedersen Fox—and Cesar Pelli. Whatever the surface decoration (SOM's first British offering can be viewed on the Bishopgate boundaries of Broadgate), marbled halls and a Temple of Mammon atmosphere can be expected to prevail.

This at a time when the property market is finally showing real signs that it has caught a cold. In the past month Kentish Homes, Docklands' biggest residential developer, has gone bust. Olympia and York has responded by saying it is prepared to weather not one but two recessions in the building of Canary Wharf. It keeps stressing that this is a long-term project. You cannot believe, it says, how quickly a development like this can transform a city. It is big, and it is tough.

But as my cab driver concluded: "When the party is coming to the end, man, the music is always loudest."

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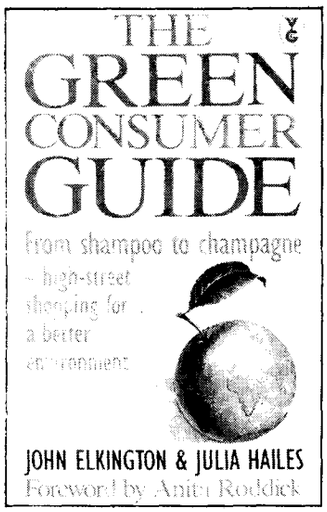
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Mammy (Hattie McDaniel), Melanie (Olivia De Havilland) and Scarlett (Vivien Leigh)

Cinema

Fruits of fantasy

The greatest drama is still a love story, says Suzanne Moore

No other film cries out for a sequel as much as *Gone with the Wind*. Indeed the open ending (will Scarlett and Rhett ever get back together again?) coupled with her final line "Tomorrow is another day", seem almost deliberately to suggest that there is more to come. But, instead of *Gone with the Wind 2* or *Back with the Breeze* as author Margaret Mitchell jokily christened it, 50 years on, we simply have the original. True, it is restored in both sound and image. But why re-release a film that has often been shown on TV and is easily available on video?

Because, as fans will tell you, *Gone with the Wind* isn't just a film—it's *the* film—the greatest movie ever made—an overwhelming experience.

Whatever else it is, *Gone with the Wind* is certainly one of the most successful movies of all time. The statistics are staggering: it has been seen by more people than the population of America, subtitled in 24 languages, dubbed in six. Cocktails have been named after its leading characters. And this year, of course, Atlanta is planning a series of celebrations to coincide with its 50th anniversary. Yet all of this tells us nothing about the movie or explains its real ability to move an audience.

Gone with the Wind is a hybrid. It is a war film yet a "women's film", it is both romance fiction and family saga. Viewing it now is to watch one of the obvious forerunners to all those soaps and mini-series with Scarlett O'Hara as a prototype Alexis Colby. Bitchy, selfish and manipulative but also vulnerably feminine. Scarlett's femininity is always on display as she moves from Southern Belle—all fiddle-de-de and great balls of fire!—to a tough survivor capable of delivering babies, picking cotton, and marrying for money instead of love. But we are constantly made aware that this kind of femininity is as constraining as the corset that she is permanently laced into. It is when Scarlett breaks the rules, dancing while in mourning, throwing back the brandy, flirting outrageously with Rhett, that she becomes a real heroine.

These scenes are played out against the backdrop of civil war, of burning skies and dying soldiers. The scene in which the camera pulls back to reveal row upon row of wounded men is still one of the most effective condemnations of war that I have ever seen. Inevitably, war becomes more than a backdrop and intrudes into the lives of those who would prefer their world to centre on beaux and barbecues. The comfortable separation between the public world of men and the private lives of women is shattered. Yet *Gone with the Wind*'s achievement is in balancing the two. Despite being shown the horrors of war and, incidentally, of slavery, we are still touched by Scarlett's unrequited love for the soppy Ashley. The greatest drama is still a love story.

Helen Taylor's new book *Scarlett's Women* (Virago) is an interesting attempt to read *Gone with the Wind* in relation to its female fans. The success of the film seems implicitly bound to its openness, its ability to mean different things to different people as Taylor demonstrates with numerous quotes from women. All seem to fantasise an individual ending ranging from Scarlett and Rhett living happily ever after to Scarlett turning into a single-parent lesbian. Yet, like much popular cultural analysis, for all the different approaches that Taylor uses, the sheer pleasure of the film remains always just out of reach.

Perhaps this is because Taylor moves between *Gone with the Wind* as a novel and *Gone with the Wind* as a film, constructing something she calls a reader-viewer. The experience of reading a book and of watching a film are quite separate, the processes of identification quite different. The result is a downplaying of the visual splendour of the film and an overemphasis on the context or information that the novel offers.

Clearly the historical accuracy of the novel—and Margaret Mitchell's conservative politics—are important, but how much bearing do they have on the film as pure fantasy? The resilience of fantasy is shown in our reactions to the film's overt racism. You would have to be a member of the National Front not to be shocked by the film's racism. (Hattie McDaniel, who won an Oscar for her performance as Mammy, was not even allowed to the all-white premiere in Atlanta). Yet does the portrayal of black people as dumb, infantile creatures or self-sacrificing earth mothers actually spoil our enjoyment of the film? Well, if you are white, clearly not.

This illustrates the dead-end of issue-based content analysis or endless talk of an author's intention. With our checklist of sex, race and class we can boldly go and label each cultural product as good, bad, or indifferent, but where the hell does it get us? Besides, who wants to watch non-contradictory, perfectly correct, inoffensive, made-to-measure movies?

The scene in which Rhett Butler sweeps Scarlett up the stairs to (depending where you are coming from) rape or ravish her is said to be most women's favourite part of the film. Would it have been exciting if they had sat down over a vegetarian meal to discuss the sexual problems in their relationship? I suspect not. That's the trouble with fantasy—it isn't easily controllable. Fantasies about overpowering and being overpowered are among the most basic. So I don't agree with Taylor when she writes that we don't have to swallow the whole lot. It's not so easy to pick'n'choose the acceptable and unacceptable parts of the film. Surely the racism is as integral to the film as the eroticism. Besides, *Gone with the Wind* is always spoken of as the kind of movie that you sink into, that you loose yourself in—a completely opposite experience to that of maintaining one's political guard, of consciously policing one's reaction.

Finally, there is the question of who or what we desire in the film. Fantasy is always about *having* and *being* and most commentators on the film assume that female members of the audience want to *be* Scarlett and *have* Rhett. I am

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not so sure, for as the climax of the film rests on our identification with Rhett, his and our frustration with Scarlett merges. Can't she see that she really loves him?

Scarlett's eventual realisation that Rhett has left her and that she must go back home, to Tara, the ever-maternal presence of the land evoked so often during the film, makes her even more unattainable. Rhett may not give a damn, but the audience certainly does. And I wonder whether all those rows of weeping women are crying not so much because Scarlett has lost Rhett but because, somewhere, they realise that they have lost Scarlett. While she may return to the myth of Mammy, of the maternal home, of the nurturing earth, to a world without men, for those of us who have to make our way in the scary world of adult sexuality, it is but a dream remembered, part of our lives that has truly gone with the wind.

Television

We're all consumers

David Berry on the consumer as investigative journalist

There was a quote in *Broadcast* recently which seemed to sum up the frustration being felt by some BBC TV journalists as the reforms initiated by the new deputy director general, John Birt, began to take effect. Birt's ideas were to make BBC journalism more analytical and explanatory, but what would happen, went the cry, to that other role that some television programmes had made their own over the past two decades—the role of investigating and reporting on scandal and corruption? Hence the quote from one worried BBC producer: "I fear that we are fast reaching the point where what is taken to be investigative journalism on the BBC will be *That's Life.*"

Recent editions of *Panorama* indicate that this fear was somewhat premature. But the quote was interesting nonetheless for it indicated that consumer programmes like *That's Life*, long regarded by news and current affairs journalists as the extremely soft end of factual television, have built up both an expertise in, and an appetite for, exposing bad practice and villainy from which other TV journalists could well learn.

That's Life may hardly be *World in Action* but it pulls in the punters—and not just for its singing dogs and lavatorial humour but also for its consistent and deserved reputation for spotlighting different forms of abuse. It is now just one of several other consumer programmes on British television which have been revitalised from their origins in the 1960s to hit a nerve with the new values of the late 1980s, values which emphasise individual rather than collective rights, people as consumers rather than citizens.

Channel 4 has *For What It's Worth*, a regular half-hour of advice, information and investigations into consumer matters. ITV has recently tried out *The Bottom Line* and *Out of Order* with similar subject matter but a more downmarket treatment. *Watchdog* returns to BBC1 next week bolstered by its highest-ever viewing figures last spring of more than eight million. Even first thing in the morning there is no escape from consumerism since *Streetwise* (part of the *Channel Four Daily*) hit the air a few months ago. Consumer television is now back in fashion.

To declare my interest in all this first. I work for *You and Yours*, the Radio 4 consumer programme which goes out every weekday at midday. Consequently, I watch television consumer programmes, partly out of professional curiosity and partly because this kind of reporting seems to be emerging into a new standard-bearer of public service broadcasting: it faces up to its possible nemesis over the next decade. There is no doubt that consumer programmes provide a public service and are popular with their viewers. But how good are they?

Their strength lies in the relationship they establish with their audience. Many of the items featured originate in viewers' letters and if, occasionally, you feel that the stories covered are those which are most photogenic (not just someone who has been ripped off by a cowboy builder but someone whose house has been partly demolished as a result), the force of viewers—rather than politicians or pressure groups—setting the agenda for a programme remains.

The effect of this is to allow the programmes a degree of freedom; they are less bothered by that straitjacket worn by other forms of television journalism, the topical angle, the reason why a topic or issue is being looked at now. On most consumer programmes it does not seem to matter if something is "news" or not: as long as significant numbers of viewers are concerned enough to contact the programme, that is considered reason enough to cover an issue.

Then there is the presumption, made on the programmes, in favour of the consumer. When a manufacturer, professional organisation or government minister is interviewed, the onus is on them not just to explain themselves but to defend their corner in the light of viewers' experiences. And when bad practice or exploitation are investigated, it is much more difficult for anyone to argue that the subsequent report is biased since the programme is "just standing up for the consumer". This partly explains why consumer programmes have been able to carry on their investigative role at a time when current affairs programmes have come under considerable political pressure: it is relatively easy for a politician to attack *This Week* or *Panorama* but much more difficult to denounce *Watchdog* or *For What Its Worth*. We are, after all, all consumers now.

These strengths, however, bring with them pitfalls which all consumer programmes occasionally fall into.

One is a peculiar form of moralising which is both unattractive and detracts from the seriousness of the message. This comes out, for example, in presenters editorialising to camera ("Well, I don't know about you but I was really appalled by that report"), and in hyping up what is often a fairly minor story of villainy into an event of world-shattering significance: 50 viewers losing a holiday because of a rogue travel agent may be a tragedy for them but it is not exactly a Chernobyl. Yet sometimes consumer programmes on television seem to report stories as if they are. A sense of perspective is often missing.

Partly as a result of this weakness, there has been a deliberate shift of focus in most of the programmes over the past few years. Although the straightforward consumer stories about dangerous goods and dodgy traders remain, they jostle—sometimes precariously—with examinations of the kind of social issues which were once only handled by news and current affairs, issues concerning housing, health, education and social security. But this has brought problems too.

On traditional consumer matters, there is no doubt who the consumer is and, consequently, whose side the programme can represent. But when it comes to investigating, for example, parents' choice in education or the effect of social security changes, there is no clear consumer viewpoint. In almost all forms of social legislation, some consumers are better off, some worse. The rules of the game have changed: there is no obvious villain to expose yet, arguably, investigating social and political changes, and their effect on people's daily lives, is more relevant to most viewers at home than a story about a dodgy double-glazing dealer.

If at times TV consumer programmes have blundered into these areas with all the sophistication of political innocents, the surprise is that they have often come up trumps. A recent *That's Life* exploration of the problems of using video evidence of abused children in court cases was a model of restrained, yet moving, reportage—and it was done mainly by employing letters and stories sent in by viewers who have experienced child sexual abuse. Both *Watchdog* and *For What It's Worth* have handled similar kinds of stories with tact and sensitivity which has not blunted any investigative edge.

But by their very nature, the scope of investigations done by any consumer programme is limited. There are issues, for example, about international corruption which do not have any immediate relevance to people's daily lives in the UK and hence are outside a consumer brief, irrespective of how "consumer" is interpreted. There are also topics which involve people not as consumers of goods and services but as concerned members of society, which need investigating by programmes with a much wider brief. Consumer programmes cannot do this—nor should they be expected to. It would indeed be a tragedy if, in the next few years, *Watchdog*, *For What It's Worth* or *That's Life* came to be seen as television's sole investigative arm rather than concentrating on what they do best, exposing everyday wrong-doing.

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Art

The uncivil dead

Amanda Sebestyen on the burial of the Red Army Faction

I have just come from a roomful of ghosts. Grey and black, their snapshot figures blur into smoke. One woman's face looks out, young and round. Another is caught, drawn and straggled, in an interrogator's flashbulb. Finally a face in death is repeated, receding, diminishing. "Dead", "dead", "dead", the artist has labelled each canvas in the vanishing line. She'll come no more. Never, never, never, never.

I am not allowed to reproduce the pictures—a photograph of a painting of a photograph would anyway be a nonsense. Gerhard Richter's **18 Oktober 1977** (at London's ICA until 1 October) is a memorial to four prisoners who died in the specially built Stammheim high-security prison. They were leaders of an armed group, called by themselves the Red Army Faction and by others the Baader-Meinhof gang. Whether they were murdered or committed suicide, they had essentially been tortured to death by sensory deprivation and interrogation lasting more than two years before their trial.

In 1974 a German fugitive asked to join my women's group. I was adamant that her politics had nothing in common with ours—fearful of the RAF's tightly organised secrecy as much as violence. I regret my lack of generosity. Her friends were held in unspeakable conditions and vile new laws were rushed through the German parliament to ruin anyone who protested.

Like their counterparts in Japan, the Red Army Faction were driven to fury by the knowledge that individual fascists were still in power. Germany's "great coalition" was bringing together social democrat and ex-Nazi ministers; onlookers at demonstrations were screaming at police to take the protesters to work camps or even to gas them; a student leader was shot with intent to kill (dying ten years later as a result of his head injury). Against this background the RAF's vigilante actions began as provocative propaganda—smashing windows on the anniversary of Crystal Night, burning US warehouses and army computers. After the imprisonment of Ulrike Meinhof and Andreas Baader came the kidnap and killing of a millionaire industrialist and former SS man followed by a spiral of bombings. Today's calls for trials of aged war criminals, decades after their power to harm has expired, make a grotesque postscript to the RAF's desperation.

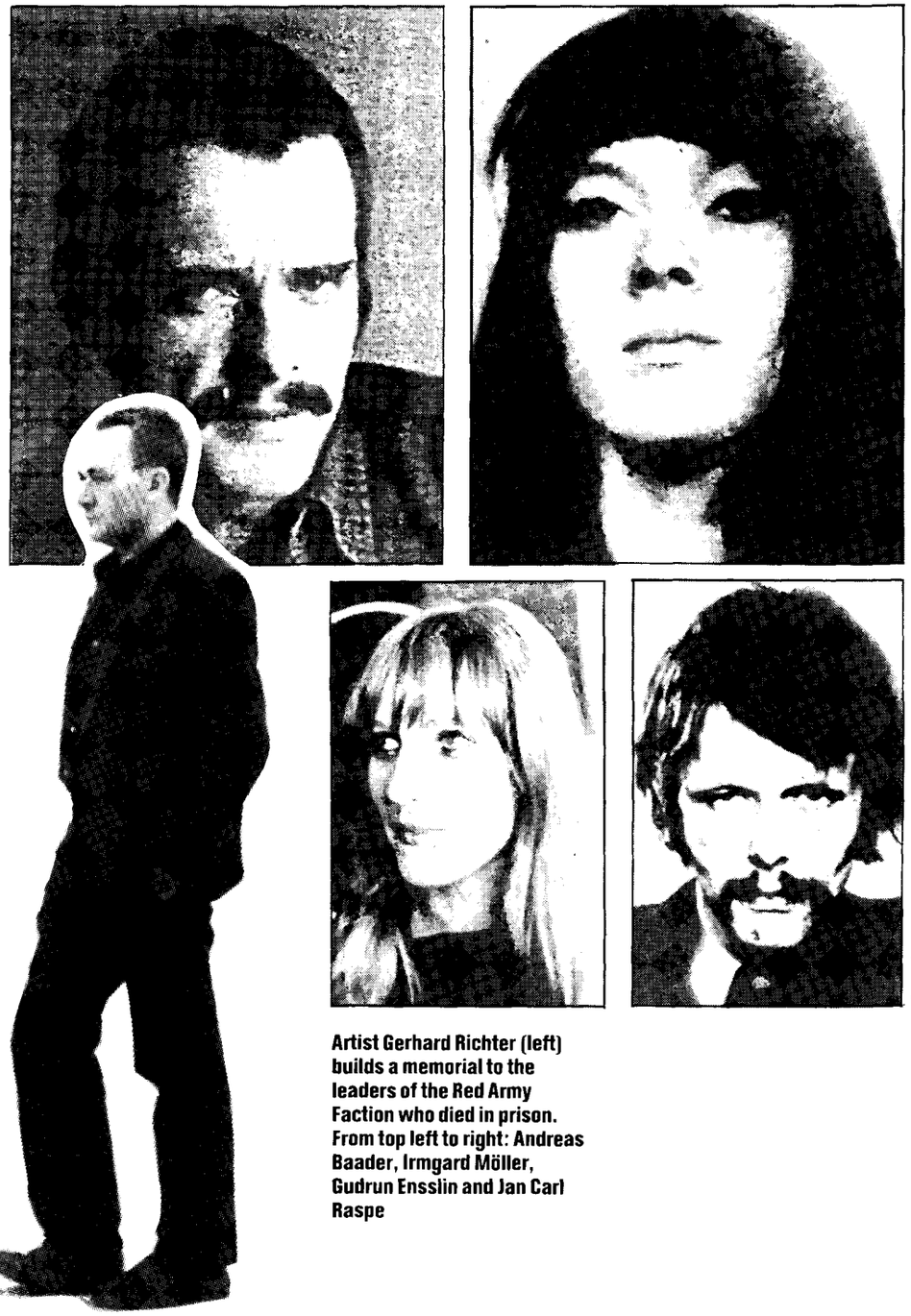
A tiny remnant of the group exists today and has carried out recent bomb attacks. RAF prisoners went on hunger strike for political status this spring. The Green-Red deputies in parliament were, in the words of one observer, "friendly but powerless".

You could know none of this from the ICA's presentation of these pictures, or from the most painful scrutiny of the exhibition catalogue. In Germany, just to commemorate those who have become non-persons was probably enough—the facts that had been suppressed remained in the minds of the watchers. But in London these pictures have been locked in an art historical deep-freeze.

Not a single fact is explained—or recorded—since Richter's starting image is a record-player from one of the cells used by political opponents to prove that the inmates were held in luxurious comfort. The machine was also a silent witness to the deaths.

Now screeds of artspeak are used to place these images *only* in the context of other painting. The style is not unimportant; clearly Richter, an East German emigré, has a special relationship to the "fact" and the photograph. Clearly his deliberate lack of effect is also a comment on the histrionic magnificence of Anselm Kiefer and the "no business like shoah business" of less talented contemporaries. In Germany, West and East, dwelling on the Nazi past can elide a more recent history of repression. But the ICA has taken care to situate Richter *only* between Manet and Courbet, only "at the crisis of history painting".

This is not the first time. Earlier this summer we saw the ICA turn the Situationists from sow's ear to silk purse—from a rabble of leafletting firebrands to intellectual forebears of today's seminar room postmoderns. In the case of the Situationists, the policy is farcical. In the context of this show you could almost call it criminal.



Popperfoto

Artist Gerhard Richter (left) builds a memorial to the leaders of the Red Army Faction who died in prison. From top left to right: Andreas Baader, Irmgard Möller, Gudrun Ensslin and Jan Carl Raspe

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VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Dawn King at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ by Friday preceding publication date. Please note this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 01-739-1645.

NATIONAL TOY LIBRARIES Association is seeking a volunteer to assist in preparing for our Play Matters' Week in October. A variety of clerical tasks will be carried out in a small, friendly (n/s) office, 2 minutes walk from Euston Station. Contact Sonja Hampson - NTLA/Play Matters, 68 Churchway, London, NW1 1LT. Tel. No. 01 387 9592.

THE NATIONAL ALLIANCE of Women's Organisations urgently needs committed volunteers to help in its busy office. The most compelling need is for word-processing skills but there is scope for volunteers to be fully involved in the development of this dynamic and expanding new organisation. Travel expenses and lunch allowance paid. Tel. 01 247 7052.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF Reconciliation is working for Justice and Peace through non-violent means. We need help in various areas and would welcome someone with typing skills to deal with basic database entries and word-processing. We have a small, friendly office in Vauxhall. Travel costs, lunch and Hob-nobs are provided. Please phone Ginnie on 01 582 9054.

CAMDEN VISUAL Impairment Team need volunteers to help clients with daily tasks such as reading a person's mail or advising on what clothes to buy. You will get support and training from specialist workers and fares and expenses are paid. Please phone Brian Larkin on 837 3363 x351. (Camden Volunteer Bureau).

BRISTOL: FULL-TIME volunteer needed to work with single homeless men in 50 bed hostel in Bristol for a minimum period of 6 months. Seperate accommodation provided, plus £40 per week. Contact: Julie Lord, Redwood House, 1 Wade Street, St. Judes, Bristol. BS2 9DS. Tel. (0272) 556358.

KIDS - Working for Children with Special Needs, requires volunteers to help with general office duties up until Christmas. If you can spare an hour or so a week to help we'd love to hear from you. Please contact Renos Pittarides on 01-969 2817.

SHELTER - National Campaign for the Homeless - needs volunteers immediately to help with essential but easy fundraising work in our office. Reasonable travel and meal expenses paid. For further information, phone Ginny Baumann on 01-253 0202 at Shelter, 88 Old St, London, EC1V 9HU.

HOLBORN Community Centre needs volunteer minibus drivers for day outings, short trips, regular swimming trips etc. The Centre caters for parents & under 5s, teenage girls, over 60s, people with disability, Bengali women & children. You will need to be over 21 with 2 years driving experience and a full driving licence. Please contact Sue Shickle on 405 2493. (Camden Volunteer Bureau).

THE WINGED FELLOWSHIP is a charity which organises holidays for disabled people at four centres aroung England. We are desperate for volunteers to help, particularly this Autumn. Will you help? Board and lodgings are provided and travel expenses are refunded. For further details, contact: Angel House, 20 - 32 Pentonville Road, London N1 9XD. Tel: (01) 833 - 2594.

HELP!

The HELP programme is a 4 minute local programme appearing at 6.20 pm approximately (check TV Times) on Thames TV, three times a week. Here is a summary of this week's programmes.

THAMES HELP! has finished for the summer but will be returning in September. As usual we have produced booklets to accompany many of the programmes in the series. Recent publications include:

SPECIAL CARE BABIES
SPECIAL NEEDS EDUCATION
VIOLENCE BREEDS VIOLENCE
(The Case Against Smacking)
LEGIONNAIRES DISEASE
ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE

If you would like these booklets or any of our publications they are free and can be obtained by writing to:
Thames Help!
PO BOX 11 London NW1 3HZ.

WANT TO VOLUNTEER work in London area no matter what the job is, had previous experience maximum length is six months to 1 year language ability - Bengali, English, German, Hindi and Urdu. Special interest in retarded people. Please contact Saiful Islam Talukder. House No.1 / 15, Lane No.19, (2nd floor), block-B, Section-10, Mirpur, Dhaka-1221, Bangladesh. (Travel Self-financed).

THE SIMON COMMUNITY in London requires volunteers to care and campaign with homeless people. We run an emergency nightshelter and three residential houses. Full board and pocket money provided. You don't need previous experience, you do need enthusiasm, initiative, commitment and the ability to cope with demanding situations. For more information contact The Simon Community, P.O. Box 1187, London, NW5 4HW.

"HONORARY AUDITORS" are sought by national 'special needs' housing association. Particular need in North, Midlands, East Anglia and South-West. No auditing experience necessary but an understanding of book-keeping & the ability to communicate this to non-accounts staff is essential. Contact: Julie Peel, SHA, 54 Ayres Street, London SE1 1EU. Tel: 01-403 1144.

BE A FRIEND - Be a volunteer. Can you spare a couple of hours, to befriend the elderly residents of Langthorne Hospital? If you are able to commit your time on a regular basis and are willing to help with the many varied activities, then please contact Ann Corbett, at Voluntary Services Co-ordination, Langthorne Hospital, Leytonstone E11 4HJ. Tel: 539 5511.

SATURDAY MORNING CLUB in Ilford requires volunteers to work with mentally handicapped children. Hectic but fun - mainly play and the occasional outing, and free ice cream! For further details please contact: Donna Brown, 9 Lucy Gdns, Dagenham, Essex RM8 3ES.

FAMILY COURTS Service are looking for volunteers to help run our Saturday Access Centres in South London where divorced or separated parents come to spend time with their children. If you are interested please give us a ring. 672 2682/8812.

SHELTER is desperately seeking enthusiastic volunteers to work on its young people's campaign, with a focal point in London in November. Energy and commitment are vital. Interested? Travel & Expenses paid. Contact Helen Kay on 253 0202 or write to: Shelter, 88 Old Street, London EC1V 9HU.

CAMBRIDGE. Women needed to work with incest survivors. Scope for hostel work, outreach & information work, fundraising & project work. Training provided + opportunities to develop areas of interest. Expenses paid. We are a feminist collective committed to developing an equal opportunities policy. Telephone Cambridge 314438 (24 hour ansaphone).

PARENTS & UNDER 5's Group for Homeless Families in Bed and Breakfast accommodation needs more enthusiastic and committed volunteers. Work is interesting and varied. Meets weekly on Wednesdays 12 noon - 3 pm in Ealing W.5 (few minutes from Ealing Broadway Station). Reasonable travel expenses paid plus lunch. Phone 01-997 1620.

VOLUNTEER Residential post available working from 6 months - 1 year with young people with moderate emotional/learning difficulties. Training provided, also accommodation, some meals, £37 pw, travelling expenses, holidays. Contact Diana, (0734)- 712035, or write to St. Anne's Opportunity Centre, Chapel Row, Bucklebury, Reading RG7 6PB.

HELP: CND NEEDS YOU. Volunteers needed for printing, operating the switchboard and general office work. Full training will be given. We pay travelling expenses (within the London Area) and a lunch allowance. For details contact Lorraine or Laura at 22 Underwood St, London N1 7JG or Tel 250 4010 x165.

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Classified Advertising

Display advertisement copy to be set – Monday noon
Lineage – Friday (prior to publication on following week)
Camera ready artwork – Tuesday
Classified Display Rates:
Standard Rate: £18.00 per s.c.c.
Voluntary Organisations: £11.00 per s.c.c.
Linage Rates: 50p per word (minimum 20 words) Box No. £2.50
All advertisements subject to VAT at 15%
Correspondence should be addressed to
Classified Advertisement Department
New Statesman & Society,
Foundation House, Perseverance Works,
38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ
Advertising Staff
Chris Gallagher (Acting Classified Manager)
Stephen Lafferty (Sales Executive)
Dominique Wright (Sales Executive)
Linda Ring (Advertising Secretary)
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Telephone: 01-739-1645
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Appointments

Lothian Regional Council

Department of Social Work

Edinburgh, Scotland's Capital, is the Country's administrative, financial and cultural centre with first class road, rail and air links with most destinations.

This ancient and historic city offers unique combination of beautiful architecture, lovely surrounding countryside and a pleasant atmosphere giving a quality of life unmatched by other cities in the UK.

Lothian is a forward looking and innovative Social Work Department providing excellent social services to its population.

VOCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES OFFICER

£10,596-£11,667
BONNINGTON RESOURCE CENTRE, EDINBURGH

Applicants should be suitably qualified/experienced persons to assist people with learning difficulties to prepare for and maintain a variety of different kinds of employment. Candidates should accept the principles of normalisation, be committed to community integration and have appropriate experience in this area of work. CSS/CQSW or appropriate qualification preferred.

Informal enquiries to Mike McCabe, Manager: Telephone: 031-555 0920

APPLICATION FORMS FROM THE ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER (PERSONNEL) 7 SHRUB PLACE, EDINBURGH, TEL: 031-554 3997 (ANSWER PHONE MACHINE IN OPERATION 24 HOURS PER DAY)
Closing date: 15 September, 1989.

The Lothian Regional Council is an equal opportunities employer and will prevent discrimination, particularly on the grounds of sex, marital status, disability, race, colour, religious belief, political belief, sexuality, nationality, ethnic origin, age, trade union activity, responsibility for dependants or employment status.

LOTHIAN

NICVA

NORTHERN IRELAND COUNCIL FOR VOLUNTARY ACTION

The Council is a major charity and development agency committed to social change by tackling disadvantage through support work with community development groups in Northern Ireland.

Applications are invited for the post of

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (PROMOTION)

The Assistant Director will be head of the Promotion Unit (6 staff) and will be a member of NICVA'S management team contributing to corporate planning and decision making.

S/he will be responsible for:

* attracting funds from non-government sources to support the work of the Council
* promoting the Council's objectives and activities in general
* managing the Cheques for Charity and Give As You Earn schemes.

The ideal candidate will, therefore, combine experience and competence in planning and executing successful fundraising strategies with promotional and management skills and the ability to work as part of a team.

Salary is in the range £10,851-£13,996.

Application forms and further details available from:

Margaret Thompson, NICVA, 127 Ormeau Road, BELFAST BT7 1SH Tel: (0232) 321224

Closing date for receipt of applications is: 15 September, 1989.

NICVA is an Equal Opportunities Employer

FEA FAIR EMPLOYER

TRAINING MANAGER

circa £12,500

Applications are required for the above post at a newly refurbished Christian Centre in a multi-racial area of North Kensington. The job will be to manage and develop self-employment and life skills training among local unemployed people. The successful applicant will be someone with business or training experience who welcomes an exciting new challenge.

Please apply in writing with CV to:

Geoff Shattock, Director
The Latymer Christian Centre,
Bramley Road, London W10 6SU
Telephone: 01-969 2290

Closing date for applications: — 15th September 1989

The Latymer Christian Centre is part of the Shaftesbury Society.

New Statesman & Society

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THE SOCIALIST GROUP
OF THE EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT
has vacancies for (f/m)

SECRETARIES

of English mother-tongue with very good shorthand and typing in English to work in its secretariat in BRUSSELS.

Proven professional experience and a working knowledge of French is essential, and a knowledge of German and/or Spanish desirable. Knowledge of other Community languages would be an asset.

Recruitment will be at Grade C3 of the European Community institutions.

The Socialist Group is an equal opportunities employer.

Written applications with c.v. by 15th September to:
The General Secretary, Socialist Group, European Parliament, rue Belliard 79-113, B-1040 Brussels.

FRONTLINERS

THE SELF HELP GROUP FOR PEOPLE WITH AIDS OR ARC MONITORING AND SUPPLYING SERVICES AND INFORMATION.

Financial Controller

Frontliners (UK) Ltd have an immediate vacancy for a Financial Controller. Requirements for this challenging position include book-keeping, EDP accounting, preparation of budgets and year end financial and management accounts. Experience of working in the voluntary sector is essential and an understanding of issues affecting people with HIV infection and disabilities is desirable.

Successful applicants will also be expected to assist with investment advice and fundraising.

The post is based in Central London. Salary negotiable on NCVO rates.

For application forms please contact: The Office Coordinator, Frontliners (UK) Ltd, 52-54 Grays Inn Road, London, WC1X BJU. Telephone: 01 831 0330.

Closing date 11 September, 1989.

FRONTLINERS IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

BREAKING BARRIERS

Whilst this post is not exclusively reserved for people with disabilities, we positively welcome applications from them.

PERSONNEL

POLICY ADVISERS TO COMMITTEE CHAIRS

SO1

£14,313-£15,081 pa incl pro rata
Three Full Time Posts
One Part Time Post (17½ hours)

Hackney, a leading Labour controlled authority committed to meeting the local government challenges of the 1990's, is seeking Policy Advisers for Committee Chairs including the Education Chair.
You will have a commitment to our Equal Opportunities Policies and will probably have a policy analysis background, preferably in an inner-city context.
Previous applicant will be considered.
Interviews: week commencing 9th October, 1989.
Please quote Ref: AR337.

Application forms from the Recruitment Office, Town Hall, Mare Street, London E8 1EA or telephone 01-986 5331 (24 hour answering service). Closing date for completed applications is 5 p.m. on the 15th September 1989.
All applications for jobs are considered on merit, with equal opportunities for women, black and ethnic minorities, lesbians and gay men and people with disabilities. Job share applications are welcomed with or without a partner.

HACKNEY COUNCIL
Working for local people

Human Rights Work Overseas

West Bank & Gaza *based in Jerusalem*

A Human Rights Documentalist is required by a Palestinian Information Centre, to assist with the standardisation of human rights reporting to meet international standards. A background in law / legal librarianship or human rights work and a knowledge of the Palestinian situation required.

West Bank & Gaza

A Development Researcher is required by a Palestinian Institute to work in the Gaza Strip on development orientated research, to set up a data base and facilitate the establishment of job creation projects in the area . A knowledge of the Palestinian situation and /or 3rd world issues is required.

Bolivia *based in La Paz*

A Documentalist / Researcher is required to assist the documentation centre based at the headquarters of the Bolivian Miners Union. A background in research and a knowledge of 3rd world issues essential. Experience with computers and a knowledge of Spanish an advantage

Conditions of work :
** Minimum 2 year contract * Reasonable living allowance * * Accommodation * NI and medical Insurance * * Language training * Allowance for dependants * flights * *Various grants **

For further details & an application form, send an A5 s.a.e. to:
The Recruitment Co-ordinator,
UNAIS, 3 Whitehall Court,
London SW1A 2EL *or Tel: 01 930 0679*

UNAIS

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ERDINGTON YMCA YOUTH & COMMUNITY WORKER
Salary JNC Level 2

Required for busy neighbourhood centre in North Birmingham.

J.N.C. recognised qualification with recent professional experience in the field is required.

The maintenance and development of programme activity in the Centre and in the neighbourhood, in face-to-face work with young people in line with YMCA and City policy are the key tasks.

THE YMCA is an equal opportunities employer

Details from the General Secretary, City of Birmingahm YMCA (Inc.), 200 Bunbury Road, Birmingham, B31 2DL. Tel: 021-477 4644. Closing date: September 9, 1989.

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sandwell SOCIAL · SERVICES

equal opportunities first and foremost

OPENINGS FOR KEY PROFESSIONALS

PRINCIPAL OFFICER
(AFRO-CARIBBEAN COMMUNITY) (Ref: SS373)
P6 £16,743 - £18,225

The Department wishes to recruit a second Principal Officer for Ethnic Minorities (Afro-Caribbean) to complement the work undertaken by the existing Principal Officer, who will now concentrate on service issues of particular relevance to clients and staff of Asian origin. The person appointed will assist in efforts to improve services to the black community in Sandwell. The Department has a five year Race Relations Strategy with unique initiatives in the field of training, staff support and community developments. The Principal Officers (Ethnic Minorities) are members of the Departmental Management Team to advise on policy developments and to work alongside Departmental Managers and staff on issues related to Equal Opportunities both in the field of recruitment and services delivery.

If you have a social work qualification and the drive and the energy to join a department with a good track record on Equal Opportunities, you could be the right person. Knowledge and experience of working with the Afro-Caribbean community is essential. Experience of working within the Equal Opportunities field is desirable, but not essential.

For an informal discussion, contact Mr. Harilal Jivan-Patel, Principal Officer (Ethnic Minorities), on 021-569-5475.

COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT OFFICER
(Ref: SS375)
SO2 £14,232 - £15,081

Sandwell Social Services wishes to recruit a second Community Development Officer to work in particular (but not exclusively) with the black communities and their voluntary organisations.

The Community Development Officer will work with the Principal Community Development Officer to provide a liaison point between the Department and voluntary organisations, to promote the concept of community development both within and outside the department, deal with applications for small grants and recruit volunteers.

We are looking for someone with an extensive knowledge of the voluntary sector both at a local and national level and of funding and general issues related to the voluntary sector.

We are looking for someone with knowledge of and experience in community development and how that relates to the work of the Local Authority in general and Social Services in particular.

For informal discussions, please contact Ms. Patricia Martyn, Principal Community Development Officer, on 021-569-5455.

STAFF CARE OFFICER
(ETHNIC MINORITIES) (Ref: SS374)
P1 £14,658 - £15,810

Sandwell Social Services Department is committed to the establishment of a Departmental Staff Care Service. This is an exciting new initiative which provides a unique opportunity for a person with experience in counselling to be at the forefront of the implementation and development of this venture. This is one of two posts of Staff Care Service to provide for the need of a multicultural staff group, one of whom has just been appointed.

The post holder will have two primary tasks:-

1. To heighten the awareness, through in service training and consultancy, of the need for the Staff Care Service to be an integral part of staff welfare in this multiracial Department.
2. To provide individual counselling to black staff who seeks support and guidance outside the direct management structure. Key features in this process will be the need for sensitivity, trust and confidentiality.

The post holder will be required to hold a recognised counselling or social work qualification and have experience in counselling work. If a social work qualification is not held, applicants must have a good understanding of the workings of a Social Services Department and the needs of its staff, particularly those from Afro-Caribbean and Asian communities.

The person appointed will be directly responsible to the Principal Training Officer for work management. Arrangements have also been made for the counsellor to obtain personal support from an external counselling service.

For informal interview, please contact Mr David Appleton, Principal Training Officer, on 021-552-5566.

Closing date for all posts: 22nd September 1989.

Requests for application forms and job descriptions (quoting Ref No) should be made to:- Director of Social Services, 12 Lombard Street, West Bromwich, West Midlands, B70 8RT. (Tel: 021-569-5486).

A Union membership agreement is in operation. Canvassing of members of the authority will disqualify. We welcome applications from people of ethnic minorities, women and people with disabilities, as they are under-represented in our workforce.

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Environmental Services Department

COVENTRY AIDS PROGRAMME

HIV/AIDS Liaison Officer

SO1 £12,960-£13,824 (Subject to Review)

To act as the City Council's lead officer on HIV/AIDS issues and be responsible for developing strategic policy in this area. Not only working closely with colleagues across the Council, the officer will also maintain close links with relevant Health Authority Personnel (Coventry Health Authority part funds this post), and local community groups.

A knowledge of latest accepted preventative practices and ways of caring for people with HIV infection and AIDS is required, together with the ability to develop strategies to combat discriminatory practices arising from HIV/AIDS.

Experience of policy development and implementation in a large organisation is desirable, as is some experience of public health promotion.

For further information telephone Dianne Thomas on Coventry (0203) 832584. Application form available, quoting Ref: ES 27/89, from Environmental Services Department, Broadgate House, Broadgate, Coventry CV1 1NH.

Closing date for applications: 15th September 1989.

We welcome applications from men and women regardless of disability, race or marital status.

City of Coventry

PERSONNEL ASSISTANT

(Equal Opportunities) £11,292-£12,774 pa (under review)

This is a new post, created to help implement and monitor the institute's newly agreed Equal Opportunities Policy. You will also be involved in general personnel work including recruitment and selection, job evaluation and the administration of training activities.

You must be committed to the principles of equal opportunities and have good organisational and communicational skills. A background in personnel is desirable but not essential, as is familiarity with computerised systems.

Apply for a job description and application form to Personnel Department, RNID, 105 Gower Street, London WC1E 6AH. For any further details phone Elizabeth Bridges on 01-387 8033.

Closing date: 13th September 1989.

The Royal National Institute for the Deaf

The RNID are working towards equal opportunities and particularly welcome applications from deaf and hard of hearing people.

WAR ON WANT

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST WORLD POVERTY

GENERAL SECRETARY

The General Secretary is the Chief Executive of War on Want, heading a corporate management team of department heads. His/her's is the final responsibility for all of War on Want's work in relief and development projects in Africa, Asia and Latin America, and campaigning for change and fundraising through our national membership base.

The successful applicant will be expected to have a solid grasp of international affairs, considerable organisational and administrative capacity, and a prodigious appetite for work. She/he will share War on Want's distinctive analysis of world poverty/

The salary is commensurate with such heavy responsibilities, the job satisfaction still more so.

If you are interested in applying, please write without delay for application form to:

Box 1, War on Want
Fenner Brockway House
37 - 39 Great Guildford Street
London SE1 OES

APPLICATION FORMS MUST BE RECEIVED BY FRIDAY 22ND SEPTEMBER 1989.

War on Want is striving to be an equal opportunity employer.

AS A MATTER OF FAX: 01 739 9307

Re-advertisement

Oasis Children's Venture is a small children's charity in Stockwell. We are currently seeking a

CO-ORDINATOR

to organise a year-round programme of activities for children (5-15 years) and to manage a small team. The post also involves fundraising. You will be an excellent organiser with good administration skills, and experience of working with children. Clean driving licence essential. Salary £12,000 (under review).

Closing date: 15th September.

Please ring 01-720 4276 for further details.

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WALWORTH METHODIST CHURCH (CLUBLAND) HOSTEL

Deputy Resident Hostel Warden

Salary in line with methodist ministers

An opportunity arises for an interested, mature person to work in an exciting, multi-racial, inner city situation. Walworth Methodist Church Hostel is 10 minutes walk from Elephant and Castle and has accommodation for 54 residents, the majority of whom are from overseas.

Applicants should have a commitment to the Church, a sensitivity to the multi-racial scene, practical skills and a sense of humour.

A centrally heated one bedroomed, self-contained flat is provided.

The post could be suitable for a married couple where one of the partners follows their own occupation.

Application forms and further details form Rev V J Watson, 54 Camberwell Road, London, SE5 OEN. Closing date: 15 September 1989. Telephone: 01 703 2477

OV SELECTION

have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers.

Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

SOCIALIST GROUP
EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT

ADMINISTRATORS

The Socialist Group of the European Parliament invites applications for Grade A7/6 Administrator (English mother tongue) posts for its Secretariat in Brussels.

Candidates (m/f) must fulfil the following prerequisite conditions:
✧ be an active member of the Labour Party; ✧ hold a university degree; ✧ have thorough knowledge of at least two of the working languages (French, German or Spanish) of the GROUP; ✧ knowledge of further Community languages will be taken into account.

More specifically, we are looking for staff with particular experience and/or qualifications in:
a) Economics, industrial policy and trade union relations;
b) Law, where qualification as a Solicitor or Barrister and/or professional expertise in European Community law would be an advantage;
c) in Research and Technology areas, with particular emphasis on research and development policy questions.

Salary and conditions are those of a Grade A7 official of the European Institutions. The Socialist Group is an equal opportunities employer. Applications should be sent with a full CV and photograph by 15th September 1989 to: Secretary General Socialist Group, European Parliament, rue Belliard 79 - 113, B-1040 Brussels.

AS A MATTER OF FAX: 01 739 9307

THE UPSTAIRS PROJECT

182 Hammersmith Rd · London W6 7DJ · Tel 01 741 3335

COUNSELLING AND DROP-IN CENTRE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

CO ORDINATOR

THE UPSTAIRS PROJECT, a counselling and drop-in service for young people, seeks a Co-ordinator. We are a grant-aided voluntary agency based in Hammersmith and Fulham, a multi-racial inner city area.

The person appointed will need a background of practice in the field of human relations which includes some counselling experience. Sound organisational skills will be necessary to manage a staff team of 5, including counsellors, youth workers and an administrator. Experience in the voluntary sector is desirable, and the Co-ordinator will be expected to continue the practice of evaluation of the service. S/he must be committed to the Project's policy on equal opportunities.

Salary £17,505 per annum.

For further information and application form, please write or telephone the Upstairs Project, 182 Hammersmith Road, London W6 7DJ. Tel. 01-741 3335. Closing date is 20 September. Interviews will be held in the week beginning 25 September.

NEWSTATESMAN
SOCIETY

Chief Sub Editor

We are looking for a chief sub-editor with wide hands-on experience of magazine editorial work and production to take charge of editing the *New Statesman & Society* to high standards, while meeting tight budgets and even tighter deadlines.

You'll be a first-rate sub and proof-reader, politically and culturally aware, well-organised and methodical. Other essential qualities: wit and editorial flair; a cool head; an iron fist in a velvet glove; a flexible outlook on life and a good sense of humour. Experience of new technology is essential. The *NSS* has its own in-house typesetting operation and we are moving towards full page make-up.

Closing date: 15 September 1989.

Please apply to Stuart Weir, New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ

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BUILDING YOUNG LIVES!

Self-build housing for young homeless people.
A one-day National Conference for "support agencies" working with young homeless people.
Date: **Tuesday 26th September 1989.**
Venue: **Regent College, Regents Park, London.**
Fee: **£25.00 (Some bursaries are available).**

For further details, please contact: NWLHA, 293 - 299, Kentish Town Road, London NW5 2TJ. Tel: 01 284 1212.

BMA FRINGE MEETING at the TUC Conference

BMA

An SOS for the NHS

Tuesday, September 5th 1989 at 12.45pm

The Opera House Circle, Lounge Bar, Winter Gardens, Church Street, Blackpool

Sandwiches and soft drinks will be available free of charge

Margaret Lowenfield Day Conference, University of Cambridge
Saturday, 11 November 1989, 10am—5.30pm

CHILDREN IN DISRUPTED FAMILIES: DEATH, DIVORCE, ADOPTION, CARE

A day conference for child psychotherapists and psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers, health visitors, researchers and others interested in the emotional health of children and its social context.

Details from Child Care and Development Group, Free School Lane, Cambridge, CB2 3RF.

Courses

WORKING WITH PARENTS

A part-time course focussing on group work skills, human development and the practicalities of running a group. For further details contact:
Exploring Parenthood, 41 North Road, London N7 9DP
Telephone: 01-607 9647

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Classified advertising
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The course takes two years and includes: Social Policy; Welfare and the British State; European Social Structures: Underdevelopment and the World System; Issues in Contemporary Social Policy and an option.

Further details from: Roger Hallam and Elizabeth Wilson (Course Tutors) School of Policy Studies and Social Policy, Polytechnic of North London, Ladbroke House, 62-66 Highbury Grove, London, N5 2AD. Telephone: 01-607 2789 ext 5107 or 5009.

P·N·L

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Accommodation Wanted

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Ventures

'GREEN' VENTURE (Existing or new) sought by woman (30), graduate in hotel and catering administration. Vegetarian cook. Capital available. Pref. S. or SW. Brighton 540575.

Meetings

PROGRESSIVE PERSPECTIVES ON WOMEN AND LAW - a one day conference for women only, organised by The Haldane Society, and The Society of Black Lawyers, on 30th September at LSE. Nursery facilities available. For details contact: Alison Lee, 14 Tooks Court, Cursitor Street, London EC4.

THEOSOPHY. Informal meetings on Hypnotism/Psychism September every Sunday 8 - 9pm S.A.E for information. ULT. 62 Queens Gardens, London W2.

Therapy

UPSET? BRIEF FOCAL THERAPHY helps you take control of your life, decide what to do next - and do it! Experienced qualified woman counsellor. Telephone (01) 855 5001.

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CRUMBS WELCOME: industrious student mother, two super adolescents, devastated by abandonment, financial ruin, impending homelessness. Someone please help! £1 will do. F. Levin Box (35) 732

Heartsearch

OLD FRIENDS

DOES LIFE BEGIN AT 40?

MARRIAGE, FRIENDSHIP or COMPANIONSHIP:
the introduction agency for the 40s, 50s, & 60s

Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, N5 2DB Telephone: 01-226 5432

GENUINE UNPRETENTIOUS PROFESSIONAL socialist woman, early 50's seeks similar man early 50's, seeks similar man to laugh, walk talk and share with. (North West England). Box (35) 719.

Cleopatra met Clark Gable at

DRAWING DOWN THE MOON

THE THINKING PERSON'S INTRODUCTION AGENCY

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WOMAN, THIRTY NINE & three quarters, feels 40 will be fun, especially if she meets a man with whom to share conversation, caring, city and country pursuits. Manchester/Lancashire preferred. Write Box (35) 730.

LIVELY, THOUGHTFUL AND PASSIONATE, unattached man seeks similar woman, interests: swimming, yoga, tennis, travel, humour. London or surroundings. Write to Box (35) 729.

CO-PARENT WANTED — healthy and financially secure, by mature, independent woman who would love to have a child. London area preferred. Please write to Box no. (35) 714.

A TOO CONTENT WOMAN 42, divorced, one child seeks man for historical research. London. Please write to Box (35) 715

LIVELY, THOUGHTFUL and passionate, unattached man, 35 seeks similar woman, interests, swimming, yoga, tennis, travel, humour. London or Surroundings. Box (35) 718.

WOMAN, 40, whose pleasures include friends, work, films, politics, therapy. Gentle exercise seeks warm, attractive, unattached man for friendship maybe romance (London). Reply to Box (35) 721.

LIVELY, PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, early fifties, seeks strong-minded man with some joie de vivre left for sharing humour, books, music, country-side. Home Counties West. Please write to Box (34) 713.

CO-POLOT sought to share fun filled lifelong flight with youthful, tall 40 year old high flying guy. Sparkling, travelled, sensuous and stylish young lady could be well suited. Fuel, compass, TLC, security, already organised. Assuming intelligent observation, expect to overfly green pastures, with broad in-flight conversation, superb cuisine, much comfort, and a whole cargo of fun. Parachute unnecessary. Departure imminent. Airfield located Scarborough, but have wings—will travel. Apply with CV and suggest passport photo please. Write to Box (35) 723.

GOOD NATURED ENGLISH BACHELOR (male) adores and often daydreams about Lesbianism. Genuinely seeks understanding bisexual lady any nationality/age for close loving relationship. Discretions assured. Please write to Box (35) 724.

SUCCESSFUL CAREER WOMAN, separated, 40+, living in Scotland, looks for caring, understanding, non-demanding relationship with educated, sincere, open-minded professional man. Box (35) 720.

I FIND INDIAN WOMEN GORGEOUS John, considerate, warm, affectionate, sensual (very) young 40s) would love to meet similar young woman (23-35) for close warm friendship and hopefully more. Non-smoker. Photo please. (London) Please reply to Box (35) 711.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasent friendships, spontaneous affairs, firm lasting relationships including marriage. All ages/areas, free details: Dept 828, 23 Abingdon Road, London W8. Telephone (01) 938 1011.

ATTRACTIVE SINGLE MAN quiet, intelligent, deep wishes to meet socially and politically aware women. Is politically left of centre, active in CAMRA, AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL; A loner, 55. Enjoys mainstream classical music, gardening, Gloucestershire/Worcestershire. Please write to Box (35) 700.

LIVELY, PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, early fifties, seeks strong-minded man with some joie de vivre left for sharing humour, books, music, country-side. Home Counties West. Please write to Box (34) 743.

WOMAN 39, seeks her soul mate (male) to share talking, music, friends, hill walking, seeing other lands and lifes adventures. Preferably Wales/West. Please write to Box (33) 650.

ARE YOU A TALL EDUCATED, perceptive, successful man — 40's/50's with a sense of humour? Would you welcome a close, sharing relationship with tall, blond, attractive, artistic, suntanned smoking woman—late 40's? Box (35) 718

SEEKING WARM INTUITIVE young women (23-35) open to experience, affectionate, considerate, independent, physically aware, sensual, imaginative, for mutually fulfilling, exciting close friendship and sexual relationship (maybe more?) with John (very young 40's). London. Photo please. Write Box (34) 710.

MIDWAY UPON THE JOURNEY of our life I found myself within a forest dark... Now looking for a Beatrice to help me out. Box (35) 717.

EDUCATED WOMAN, tall very attractive early, forties seeks sympathetic professional man under 50, without attachments, for intelligent companionship. London/Essex. Phone no. Photo please. Reply Box (35) 716.

ATTRACTIVE, INDEPENDENT, woman (41) agnostic Jewess, mother (wonderful son (8)), seeks warm intelligent, left-wing, mature man (36-44). For committed relationship. Please write to Box (35) 725.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET PEOPLE with the same ideas & interests as yourself? 'Friendships' is an introductory agency specifically for people whose interests are in 'green' issues, ecology, new age understanding, meditation and similar subjects. For details, please send a stamp to: 'Friendships', Apperley Court, Apperley, Gloucestershire, GL19 4DQ.

COSMOPOLITAN AND FUN-LOVING woman in the July of her life, seeks heroic gentleman with love of books, languages, pillow fights and goats. Please write to Box (35) 726.

AFFECTIONATE MAN, (37) successful in business with wide interests in theatre, literature and travelling, lives in London, currently separated. Seeks new friendships with attractive women aged 25-40. Please reply to: Box (35) 727.

ATTRACTIVE, HAPPY, INDEPENDENT, left-wing, young/mature woman, with varied interests, seeks affectionate unattached man, any race for stable relationship. Write Box (35) 728.

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ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3092 Set by Tom Foolery
Extracts, please, from a new thriller, *Murder in the Shadow Cabinet.* Maximum of 250 words, to be in by 14 September.

No 3089 Set by Tiny Tim
In his youth, Marx wrote a comic novel. We asked for extracts from this, or barely plausible examples of juvenilia by Freud, Darwin, Einstein or Wittgenstein.

Report by Tiny Tim
You weren't restricted to the comic novel form, but that's what the majority of you opted for. This put the judges in a quandary. Which extracts were unfunny because you were deliberately trying to be gauche, and which weren't? Conversely, *really* funny extracts didn't read like juvenilia. Finally I threw out most of the comic novels. I hope none of you feels too undermined by this.

Darwin was far the most popular subject. As John Marriott pointed out, the great man admitted in later life that at 19 "I did not in the least doubt the strict and literal truth of the Bible." He and Katie Mallett both exploited this fact to good effect. Simon Herbertson did a different sort of Darwin (good to have you back on form, Simon).

No good Marxes or Einsteins, I fear, and only one good Wittgenstein, from Gerard Benson. As I had to argue forcefully with Ms de Meaner, Benson's entry reads *exactly* like a 15-year-old's attempt at erotica. After all, I should know.

A tenner each.

The Tractor Tests, by L Wittgenstein

Concealed in the darkness by the stable door, the farm hand watched as Matthilde climbed to the loft. First,

1.1 The girl's head; then

1.2 adjunct to the head, the flowery dress; and finally

1.3 the plump stockinged legs,

disappeared from view.

"God in heaven!" mused the lad, aroused to erotic and intellectual frenzy by the display of flesh and under-linen. "What is this feeling, this inexplicable urgency of the physique? Is it 'desire'? If so, is it a private sensation provoked by the sight of Matthilde's limbs? Surely not! For words, to have meaning, must be subject to public rules. I must investigate further." He stepped forward, but alas trod on the tines of a rake, causing the handle to rise and strike him in the eye. "The same is true of pain," he surmised.

Matthilde's face appeared at the opening. She beckoned. "Come up here, Lutzi," she whispered. He quickly joined her. "We shan't be needing this any longer," said Matthilde—and pushed the ladder away.

Gerard Benson

The Butterfly, by Charles Darwin

The countless hosts of stars amaze
The watchers of the night-time sky,
And here on earth the mountains raise
Their lofty pinnacles on high.
God likewise earns our humble praise
That He designed the butterfly.

Whether of humble cabbage-white
Or of resplendent swallow-tails,
The wings that drive their graceful flight
Are coated with unnumbered scales.
As with the stars that deck the night,
Divine infinity prevails.

This lovely creature is contained
In egg and grub and chrysalis,
Its each and every part enchained
By some mysterious synthesis,
Renewing life as God ordained:
The miracle of Genesis.

John Marriott

From Parents, a short story by Siggy Freud (aged 13½)

Willy saw his mother in her red dress by the big door, his hand upon his limp, half-broken trigger. He ran, coming quickly towards her, shouting loudly.

"Willy, put it away," said his mother sharply. She was a farmer's wife. "It is only a toy, and I will *not* have all this bang-bang-bang in the breakfast room. Give me your little baubles; they are dirty."

Miserably Willy stood erect and gave them over; she soaped them carefully. He would not be bosom pals with her that day. She exposed him too often. He would play with himself alone.

"Your father is still dead to the world," she remarked to Willy as he turned to go. "I guess that when the farmer's cock does not rise and shine, neither does its owner. Go and give him a prod. I have a soft egg for him."

Wearily young Willy plodded towards his father's snoring body. Could he wake it? He would have a good stab at it.

"Father, father!" he cried in his ear. "I have a new joke. It will kill you!"

"What? What?" mumbled his father, still stiff in his mother's bed.

"Father!" called Willy. "Why did the chicken cross the road?"

His father glared at his tiddler, his toddler. He grunted.

"Because, Willy, he wanted a good lay," he replied.

Will Bellenger

And God Made Everything. A Hymn by Charles Darwin

When I watch the flowers and trees
And marvel at the birds and bees
And fishes in the deepest seas,
I say Thank God for all of these.

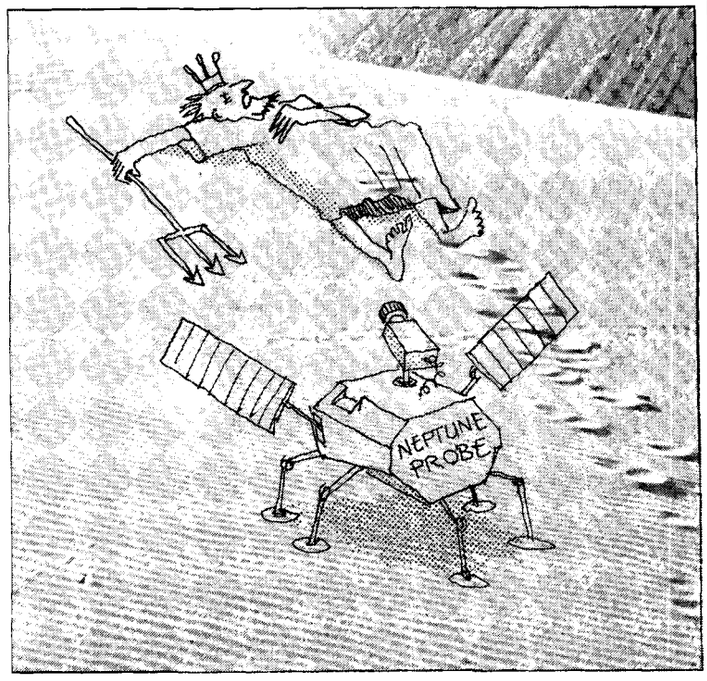
For every living thing on earth
Must thank its Maker for its birth,
Clapping hands, and fins, with mirth,
And singing out for all it's worth.

Each one is special and unique,
The birds can sing, and humans speak,
And mice and voles can simply squeak,
There is no likeness one could seek,

But all share this—the touch divine
Just like a mosaic patterned fine
All kinds of creatures must combine
To play their parts in God's design.
AMEN

Katie Mallett

GRAFFITI BY PAIGE



Charles Robert Darwin (aged 6⅜)

mr and mrs bunny rabbit lived in a hole in a field in england in the world in the universe. one winter they hybanated. but mr rabbit stayed awake longer than his wife and while she was sleeping he sneaked to the larder and ate ALL the food. his tummy got very huge. in the spring mrs rabbit woke up and went to the larder for breakfast. but it was empty. then she saw her husband and how fat he was. youve eaten all the food she said and hit him over the head with a wooden spoon. she told him to get out at once and get some more food because she was starving hungry. but mr rabbit was too fat to get out through the front door. so he had to stay behind and mrs rabbit had to go out and search for food. and mr farmer saw her and shot her dead. poor mr rabbit sat at home and cried his eyes out. o wo is me he moaned. WHICH JUST GOS TO PROVE THE SURVIVAL OF THE FATTEST.

Simon Herbertson

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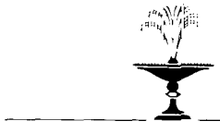
SALAMANCA



COLLINS DICTIONARIES

PRIZES: Copies of the *Collins Concise English Dictionary* for the first three correct solutions opened.

Entries to Salamanca 152, New Statesman and Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ, by first post 29 September.

SALAMANCA 152: "Build-up"

Each "brick" in the wall must contain one letter, so a letter in a "double-brick" is common to two down answers which are normal and are entered around and ignoring the shaded areas. (One answer consists of two words, one is a form found in the *OED*, and three are places found in *Collins English Dictionary*, in the completed grid.) Thick mortar acts as the normal bar-lines. Each across answer loses *two* letters anywhere in the word before entry, despite any repeats of those letters anywhere in the word, this form clued secondarily. The omitted letters can be meaninglessly entered in the pile of spare blocks and these may be used to repair the gaps in the wall and as a letter check to complete the grid relevantly.

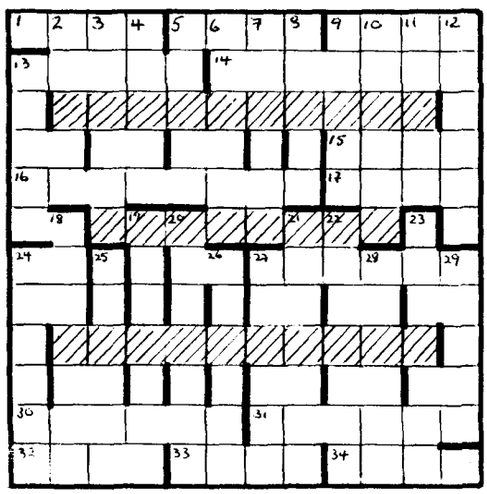
ACROSS

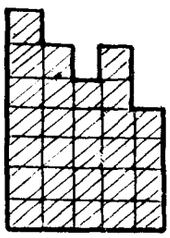
1. Old game played when it's fair mostly outside then, initially (6)
5. Dainty Stan Laurel, very briefly addressed? (6)
9. Examine former dead horror writer (6)
13. Beetle-shaped gem: it's right one for girl? (6)
14. Tremendous discoveries involving river in the Eastern States (7)
15. Peanuts are often late developing (6)
16. One's to finish round no more injured (7)
17. Cut up blubber from whales etc. (6)
27. Gunner, dead in due course, born somebody's boy? (8)
30. Traditional tale encapsulated therein (6)
31. Observe Jock uses one to turn young horses (7)
32. Top parts of sound recording device muted (5)
33. Time fast cars need hose? (6)
34. Deceive, being deceived initially and getting led astray (6)

DOWN

2. See very big Asian republic (4)
3. Siamese fish? (4)
4. Useful device outside runs dry (4)
5. Young female who's crazy about one (4)
6. No longer answer to one's name on opening (4)
7. Seal one time bearing some Japanese inscription (4)
8. You'll have to *pull* this to top of escarp (4)
9. Such a school's for boys *and* girls (that's acceptable among any of the boys growing up!) (4)
10. A sound stake once in eruptions she had! (4)
11. Pipes on top of organ one time square (4)
12. Consider the lilies... teeming: they have it (6)
13. Philosopy student in contact with one in science? (5)
18. Gold coin, old, quaintly pleasing, round: that's right (6)
19. Egyptian symbol once set forth, cut into ornamental devices (5)
20. One to fish round opening in land *here?* (5)
21. Gets right to one, arousing ego to blow top then? (5)
22. Being mocked, finish showing embarrassment? (5)
23. Shout one's disapproval at a street yob equipped for riding (6)
24. Birds—nocturnal ones needing no more resort for winter (6)
25. Once composed traditional song-lyric and notes (5)
26. Candle-holder? One to perform "Happy Birthday..." for us to hear? (5)
27. Little extra tuck in gold bodice topping tutu (5)
28. Chestnut horse, say, light, not heavy (5)
29. Difficulties we hear, for cricket team? (5)

Solution to Salamanca 150





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13	Cabernet Sauvignon 85, Svichtov – *from the Danube*	26.90
19	Cabernet Sauvignon 85 – *Melnik, fuller, more Australian*	26.90
17	Plovdiv Cabernet Sauvignon 84 – *very blackcurranty*	27.60
35	Reserve Oriachovitza Cabernet Sauvignon 83 – *oaky and tannic*	30.60
36	Reserve Khan Krum Chardonnay 86 – *full oaky white, bestselling white*	30.60
37	Reserve Damianitza Melnik 83 – *"reddy purple... oaky spicy flavours"*	30.60
33	Reserve Stambolovo Merlot 83 – *soft, oaky*	30.60
7	Assenovgrad Mavrud 81/83 – *Bulgaria's famed Mavrud grape*	32.90
9	Sakar Mountain Cabernet 83 – *old favourite*	32.90
39	Svichtov Cabernet Sauvignon 85 – *'Controliran', Bulgaria's top wine category*	37.20
41	Suhindol Gamza 83/84 – *lighter Controliran red*	37.20
43	Oriachovitza Cabernet Merlot 83 – *"soft, concentrated mature fruit"*	37.20
45	Sakar Merlot 83 – *characteristic Merlot flavour*	37.20
47	Assenovgrad Mavrud 84 – *Controliran*	37.20
42	Novi Pazar Chardonnay 86/87	37.20
404	Balkan Crown Brut – *dry sparkler*	32.90
406	Balkan Crown Riesling – *medium sparkler*	36.90
402	Balkan Crown Chardonnay – *dry, Chardonnay flavour pushing its way through the bubbles*	36.90

France

Code		
302	Dry White, "Blanc de Blanc" – *Vin de Table, Lucien Coste*	24.40
304	Medium Dry White, "Blanc de Blanc" – *Vin de Table, Lucien Coste*	24.40
301	Red, "Rouge de France" – *Vin de Table, Lucien Coste*	24.40
310	Clairette du Languedoc 86 – *dry aromatic white*	29.90
311	Claret Lebègue 86/87 – *standard Claret*	29.90
313	Côtes du Rhone Prestige du Pape 87/88 – *full bodied red, light in style*	30.90
312	Muscadet de Sèvre & Maine Sur Lie, Benjamin Sourice 87/88 – *crisp clean white, with a faint prickle on the tongue. Runaway bestseller from the French range this Summer. Dry*	31.90
316	Bordeaux Sauvignon, Chateau Bois de Favereau 88 – *"full gooseberry bouquet, crisp", dry white*	31.90
321	Domaine Saumur – *light, fresh Loire red*	32.90
315	Montagne St Emilion, Chateau Faizeau 86 – *strong Cabernet bouquet softened by the Merlot*	39.90
318	Gewurztraminer, Caves D'Obernai 87/88 – *AC Alsace, medium dry*	39.90
314	Maçon Blanc Villages, Michel Parisot 87/88 – *dry and buttery, from the Chardonnay grape*	41.90
317	Medoc, Cru Bourgeois, Chateau Lieujan 86 – *full Cabernet bouquet*	48.90
319	Chateauneuf du Pape Domaine Amouroux 87 – *full gutsy red, in the traditional "cross keys" bottle*	55.90
420	Sparkling F.B. Belmont Brut – *dry white*	33.90

Hungary

Code		
88	Sauvignon Blanc 87/88 – *dry, cold fermented, plenty of fruit*	23.80
89	Cabernet Franc – *light, young, dry*	23.80
80	Gewurtztraminer 87/88 – *spicy, medium dry, cold fermented*	24.20
94	Olaszrizling 87/88 – green tinge, medium dry, cold fermented	24.20
90	Móri Ezerjó – *pretty dry medium-dry, good natural fruit, ungrafted vines*	24.20
82	Chardonnay 87/88 – *lots of flavour, dry, cold fermented*	24.20
96	Pinot Blanc 88 – *"dry, crisp, light and fresh", cold fermented*	24.20
81	Cabernet Sauvignon – *dry fruity red, from Villany, beefed up with a small percentage of Merlot*	24.20
83	Pinot Noir – *dry red, from the red grape of Burgundy*	24.20
91	Merlot – *over 3,000 top value wines were submitted to the "Wine Challenge" this Summer. This Merlot won one of just 27 gold medals*	24.20
95	Blush Kekfrankos – *medium dry, special introductory price till end Sept*	23.40
86	Tramini 79 – *sweet, classy vintage white*	32.90
84	Sauvignon Blanc 78 – *medium honeyed white*	32.90
85	Pinot Noir 79 – *quiet mature red*	32.90
97	Cabernet Sauvignon 82 – *"typical Cabernet nose and body, bags of tannin"*	32.90
87	Merlot 83 – *more of the Magyar Merlot flavour, from Villany*	32.90

Tokaji

Hungary's famous liqueur wine (50cl)

181	Szamorodni Dry 1984	36.90
182	Szamorodni Sweet 1984	40.90
183	Aszú 3 1982	51.20
185	Aszú 5 1982	59.80
186	Aszú Essencia 1976	254.80
187	Aszú Essencia 1957	473.80

Tasting Cases

Code		
350	French Case – *one each 302, 304, 301, 310, 311, 313, 316, 312, 321, 315, 318, 420.*	32.90
360	Top French Case – *one each 310, 311, 313, 312, 316, 321, 315, 318, 314, 317, 319, 420.*	38.90
56	Bulgarian Case – *one each 24, 26, 23, 14, 15, 3, 8, 12, 11, 13, 19, 17.*	26.90
54	Top Bulgarian Case – *one each 35, 36, 37, 33, 7, 9, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 42.*	35.60
50	Country Wines Case – *two each 22, 24, 26, 21, 23, 25.*	25.20
63	Cabernet Case – *two each 11, 13, 19, 17, 35. One each 9, 39.*	29.90
52	Reserve Case – *three each 35, 36, 37, 33.*	31.80
51	Controliran Case – *two each 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 42.*	38.40
68	Hungarian Case – *one each 86, 89, 80, 94, 90, 82, 96, 81, 83, 91, 95, 97.*	25.90
58	Top Hungarian Case – *one each 86, 94, 181, 182, 183, 185. Two each 85, 97, 87.*	38.90
60	Hungarian Whites Case – *two each 88, 80, 94, 90, 82, 96.*	25.20
170	Tokaji Case – *three each 181, 182. Two each 183, 185, and Tokaji Aszu 4.*	48.40
172	Top Tokaji Case – *two each 181, 182, 183, 185, Aszú 4. One each 186, 187.*	102.40
62	Dry Whites Case – *one each 14, 8, 36, 42, 88, 96, 80, 310, 316, 312, 314.*	30.90
64	Medium and Sweet Whites Case – *one each 6, 22, 24, 86, 94, 90, 86, 94, 182, 185, 304, 318.*	32.80
61	Reds Case – *one each 3, 11, 13, 19, 17, 35, 37, 33, 97, 321, 315, 321.*	30.90
73	Top Reds Case – *one each 7, 9, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 86, 87, 315, 317, 319.*	39.90
71	Budget Reds Case – *one each 3, 21, 23, 25, 3, 11, 13, 89, 81, 83, 91, 301.*	25.90
440	Sparkling Case – *three each 404, 406, 402, 420.*	36.60
55	Budget Case – *one each 4, 3, 2, 10, 22, 21, 25, 88, 89, 80, 81, 93.*	24.90

Notes

Wines, excepting tasting cases, coded with even numbers are white, odd red.

Prices include VAT and UK mainland delivery.

Discounts per case.

5-10 cases less £1.60 per case, 11-20 cases less £2.80.

From 1st October there will be a few changes in the tasting cases.

Full list (and adding to the mailing for the Winter list) from:
Wines of Westhorpe, Field House Cottage, Birch Cross, Marchington, Staffs. ST14 8NX.
Tel: 0283 820285. Fax: 0283 820631.

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